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Challenge from South Africa

WITHIN the last few days Dr. Malan's Government has shown that it is bent on destroying the whole fabric of political democracy in South Africa. Having in 1948 won a bare parliamentary majority on a minority of votes, having since then pushed through disenfranchising legislation which makes a renewal of this bare majority at next year's General Election highly probable, and having ignored the highest legal authority in the land when the Supreme Court found a part of this legislation legally invalid, the Nationalists are driving forward on their reckless and suicidal course. Their behaviour can be reasonably compared to that of the German Nazis after their electoral success of 1933.

They have now used their so-called Suppression of Communism Act to banish from Parliament one of the three Native Representatives, Mr. Sam Kahn; to banish from the Cape Provincial Council both Mr. Kahn and Mr. Carneson; to suppress the Cape Town weekly newspaper, the *Guardian*; and to remove from office, silence and repeatedly imprison the general secretary of South Africa's largest and most effective trade union, Mr. E. S. Sachs of the Garment Workers' Union. They have also struck in the same way at several other union leaders. In point of fact, Mr. Sachs was arrested in Johannesburg last Saturday when he defied the Government's "ban" in order to make a speech to a large number of members of his union and other supporters. Released on bail pending trial, Mr. Sachs was arrested again on Monday, and for the same reason. On the first of these occasions large forces of South African police came upon the scene and proceeded to "clear the street" with baton charges.

It is important to realise what the Nationalists are after. They are not concerned with any Left-wing threat, real or supposed, to the fabric of parliamentary life in South Africa. They are not in the least concerned with Communism as such. Mr. Sachs, indeed, was expelled from the Communist Party in 1931, has never since rejoined and has now been for several years a leading member of the National Executive of the South African Labour Party. Mr. Sachs and Mr. Kahn have perhaps only one political principle in common; but it is precisely this principle which reveals the Nationalist game for what it is. They are both brave and unwavering opponents of racial persecution. Both in their different ways have led the fight for policies which would establish the foundations of a multi-racial democracy in a country which must otherwise be ruined beyond recall. If they silence Mr. Sachs and Mr. Kahn, the Nationalists will have moved materially towards their goal of one-party dictatorship. The cause of Mr. Sachs and Mr. Kahn is in the most literal sense the cause of democracy against dictatorship.

If ever there were a case for the solidarity of the Labour Movement within the Commonwealth, this is it. "We are going to send our call overseas," Miss Johanna Cornelius, the national organiser of the Garment Workers, told the meeting which witnessed the second arrest of Mr. Sachs, "and ask the people of other countries to help us fight this Fascist Government." And the South African Labour Party hit the real issue when it said, in appealing for help to the British Labour Party, that it asked for support in "the fight to preserve the Labour Movement from the vicious attempt by the South African Government to destroy the trade union movement."

This call deserves a clear and effective answer. The South African trade union movement, divided though it is, contains many thousands of White and non-White workers who are united to-day in this struggle to defend their hard-won rights and liberties. Their fate, for better or for worse, will be the fate of all South Africa. And Solly Sachs, their foremost leader, spoke for their spirit as well as his own, when he said to the press, a few days before his first arrest: "I have not been intimidated before, and have no intention of running away from the struggle now. With ever-increasing determination I shall continue to fight against the Fascist tyranny which is sweeping the country, and for a free and democratic South Africa." The British Labour movement must make this fight its own.

The Wehrmacht Reborn

When they survey the nature of the European Army which, on paper, was brought into being by the fifty-year Treaty signed in Paris on Tuesday, the surviving members of Hitler's General Staff may well feel that the men whom the Allies hanged at Nuremberg should "have died hereafter." The Army bears little resemblance to the innocuous "mixed" force which M. Pleven thought out. Theoretically, the largest unit in Western Germany's contribution is to be a division; but the divisions (of which Germany is to supply 12) can apparently be grouped by the E.D.C. Commander in complete national corps; and Germany will have not merely a General Staff but a fully fledged supply organisation and Reichswehr Ministry. Between now and 1954 the European Command will not place in Western Germany orders for the manufacture of atom bombs, germ bombs or guided missiles, but these are to be supplied at need to the German army "without discrimination." After two years, according to Dr. Adenauer, there will be no restriction on Germany's production of weapons. Since it may be assumed that, if the Treaty and the Contractual Agreements are ratified, Western Germany will be given No. 1 priority by the U.S. in supplies of arms and equipment, there is no gainsaying the fact that within two years Western Germany will have the nearest thing to a powerful national army.

In these circumstances it might have been supposed that the French Cabinet would have been stiff in demanding from the U.S. and Britain solid guarantees against renewed German aggression. But, for all the last-minute fuss, the declaration which has been secured from Washington and London is a flimsy guarantee. The British and American Governments declare that if "the integrity or unity" of E.D.C. is threatened by "action from whatever quarter," the two Governments will act in accordance with Article 4 of the North Atlantic Treaty. Article 4, however, merely pledges the signatories to mutual consultation. There is no promise of any specific action, and in any case there would be ample room for argument whether the secession of any single member from E.D.C. would constitute "a threat" to the integrity of the Community.

The Mystery of Koje

Lord Alexander's visit to Korea is, no doubt, concerned as much with the politics of the situation, especially the matter of the prisoners, as with purely military considerations. Each fresh report from Koje deepens the mystery of the prisoners. There has clearly been muddle, mismanagement and worse on the part of the American camp authorities—a deduction borne out by the removal of the officers directly responsible—and it is now impossible to accept the American "no-repatriation" totals as accurate. First, if some of the compounds have been under Communist control, and if U.S. troops have been unable to enter them, how was it possible to conduct the "poll" of the prisoners which the Americans claim to have taken between April 4 and April 19? Are we now to be told that the poll was only partial? Secondly, if such chaos existed in these compounds, what was the condition in those upon which no reports are yet available? Were some of the stockades on Koje and near Pusan under similar control by anti-Communist Chinese and Koreans? Thirdly, censorship has held up until this week the news that there had been a second riot involving deaths and many wounded on April 10, during the very period in which the Americans were taking their repatriation poll. It is all very well to take a "stand of principle" about forcible repatriation, but the case is a poor one if the final totals are based partly on guesswork. It looks as if the predeliction of U.S. commanders in the Far East for round numbers has again been indulged.

It is evident, of course, that the Communist prisoners are well organised and led, and that they are doing their best to support the arguments made by their friends at Panmunjon. But this does not excuse the scandalous inefficiency of the U.S. authorities. They have now moved in a Canadian unit—despite the official protest of the Canadian Government—and British troops to help restore "order." Mr. Eden may feel a protest uncalled for. But if other nations are to have a hand in guarding the camps, they should also have a voice in their direction.

Local Elections in Italy

Early results in the Italian local government elections held last Sunday show that the Left alliance of Communists, Socialists, and some other groups has lost little in the towns and gained a good deal in the rural areas; but that the so-called "moderate" coalition—the Christian Democrats and their Liberal, Republican, and Right-wing Socialist allies—has lost heavily to the Monarchist and neo-fascist parties of the extreme Right. This disintegration of the Christian-Democratic Centre has enabled the extreme Right to gain control of the city councils of Naples, Bari, Foggia, and some other important places in the South. In Rome, by contrast, Signor De Gasperi's party and its allies were able, by a narrow margin, to retain their lead over the Left alliance, for the extreme Right-wing vote in Rome was relatively small. In fact, the Christian Democrats seem to have polled fewer votes in Rome than the Left alliance; and returns for the Roman provincial council—as for other provincial councils—have brought important gains for the Left.

Incomplete returns show that the Left has retained control of the city councils of Ferrara and neighbouring towns to the north of the Appenines. In general, the elections appear to reflect the political stalemate which affects the parliamentary scene: while the parties of the Left lose little or even gain, the parties of the Centre find their dominant position more and more challenged by extremists of many different kinds and degrees of flamboyance—from groups and parties that are of strict Monarchist orthodoxy to odd little sects which posture in the shouts and garments of Mussolini's day. There is something almost pleasantly ironical in the spectacle of Bourbon Naples voting for an abdicated monarch of the House of Savoy; though the Christian Democrats, who have paid for this by losing their Mayor of Naples, are likely to be slow in seeing the joke.

Apart from this tragi-comical display of demagogics on the extreme Right, perhaps the only new feature of the elections has been the gains of the Left alliance in some of the rural areas of the South. Thus the Left has retained or advanced its position in Sicilian towns such as Syracuse, Marsala, Trapani; and at places such as Matera in the heel of the mainland. The general pattern of these gains would seem to substantiate the Communist claim to have brought peasants and industrial workers closer together; and to have persuaded the landless peasant of the south that his interests run parallel with those of the workers in the towns. If the full results confirm this trend, its influence on the next parliamentary elections is likely to be considerable.

The D. C. Thomson Case

The trade unions are understandably relieved by Mr. Justice Upjohn's refusal to continue the temporary injunction he had awarded to D. C. Thomson's. It is true that some difficult points of law are involved, and that these will not finally be settled until the action is tried on July 21. But the ruling that there is no *prima facie* case of conspiracy against Arthur Deakin and his union colleagues has allayed some of the anxiety that this case had aroused. It would have been a serious matter for the unions if a High Court Judge had decided that the action of the union officials was unlawful in urging their members in Bowaters to refuse to handle shipments of paper to D. C. Thomson's, and thereby causing a breach of Bowaters' contract. For it was thought that the Trades Dispute Act of 1906, passed to recover the ground lost by the Taff Vale judgment, adequately protected the unions against actions for any breach of contract caused by a trade dispute. If Mr. Justice Upjohn had held otherwise, most sympathetic action by trade unions might be unlawful, and the unions would have found themselves gravely handicapped. Indeed, if his decision should be reversed at the trial of the action, trade union law in this country may well need further revision, for the unions could not accept such a crippling limitation upon their right to support their striking members.

The Closed Shop

The "closed shop," in which only trade unionists can find employment, has much to recommend it when it develops as the natural outcome of the success of a trade union in voluntary recruitment of the great majority of the workers and as a means to the more effective working of collective bargaining and consultation. There is, on the other hand, everything to be said against a "closed shop" policy imposed by an employing body against the expressed will of the persons it employs. This is as foolish as the policy of denying employment to trade unionists, as in the Thomson case. Some trade unionists in strongly organised trades are apt to feel that no one who refuses to pay his dues to the appropriate union has any right to share in the benefits which it secures for him and his fellow-workers; and, no doubt, in most occupations the number of conscientious non-unionists is infinitesimally small. But when there are very few non-unionists they can do very little harm; and when there are many, it is the task of the trade union to reduce the

number by voluntary methods before there should be any question of demanding the "closed shop." Few or many, the "closed shop" enforced, directly or indirectly, against the wish of the union concerned makes nonsense; and it is to be hoped that Durham County Council will realise the untenability of its position in face of the attitude of all the professional associations affected by its proposed sick-pay rule, and will not provoke a Government intervention which might have awkward repercussions elsewhere. It is to be hoped, too, that the Council will act quickly, before the teachers' resignations begin to take effect.

WESTMINSTER

Mr. Eden to Quit?

Our Parliamentary Correspondent writes: A report comes from a trustworthy European source that Mr. Eden has been confiding to some of his close diplomatic colleagues his intention of leaving the Foreign Office to take a post on the Home Front as soon as the E.D.C. Treaty is ratified. This story, naturally unconfirmed, has at least an intrinsic plausibility. Mr. Eden is clearly conscious that his claim to the Tory succession would be greatly strengthened over Mr. Butler, if he could acquire more experience and public reputation in domestic affairs. Such a move would involve major Government changes. Mr. Macmillan might go to the Foreign Office. Mr. Eden would probably become Lord President of the Council, leaving Lord Woolton either to take over Housing or to continue his "co-ordination" of Food and Agriculture from another sinecure position. Either way he has his rods in pickle.

Meanwhile, Mr. Butler has accomplished the Chancellor's primary summer task of securing the Committee stage of his Finance Bill without too many drastic alterations and within, roughly, the time he had allowed. But at a price. For the rest of the Government's legislative programme is dislocated almost beyond repair; and Mr. Butler himself has lost some of the glamour he acquired immediately after the presentation of his Budget. The Tory revolts in the last few days over E.P.L. and the Profits Tax probably indicate the first rumblings of more permanent trouble. Their leader seems to be Mr. Ralph Assheton, who was ousted from the Chairmanship of his Party after the '45 fiasco and is now excluded from office. He is supported by an influential group of "business-as-usual" backbenchers, a type more familiar in the Chamberlain period, who apparently object equally to Mr. Butler's planning and Mr. Churchill's intuition. The Labour objections to the Finance Bill have been criticised in some quarters on the Opposition back benches as shadow-boxing. Certainly Mr. Gaitskell's little group of lieutenants have totally failed to inspire or even hold the interest of most of their colleagues. On the other hand, their unusually long war of attrition has been remarkably successful in exposing and inflaming the underlying Tory discontents.

Relations inside the Labour Party, which has been enormously stimulated by the local elections, are certainly a good deal smoother as Parliament rises for the Whitsun Recess than they were before Easter. But German rearmament is still the subject of controversy and deep resentments. The Party's line in Parliament was ostensibly decided some weeks ago, when the Parliamentary Party unanimously accepted the much-discussed policy statement of the National Executive. Most people assumed that this meant stringent opposition to the hasty conclusion of the Contractual Agreements. So Mr. Attlee's tepid criticism of the Government in the recent Foreign Affairs debate deeply disappointed many of his followers. This week a number of members, led by six from the Party's National Executive, have put a Motion on the Parliamentary Order Paper in similar terms to the Executive's recent statement, and have been sharply told by the authorities of the Parliamentary Party that their action is "inopportune." The reason for all this complication lies, no doubt, partly in the difficulty of achieving a rational compromise in a dispute where both sides feel so deeply. But a story, apparently of American origin, is circulating that, before he left the Foreign Office, Mr. Morrison gave Mr. Acheson a specific pledge of support, not only for the American plan for Germany, but also for its timetable, including ratification before the July rising of the Congress. If there is any truth in this story—so far it has been neither confirmed nor denied—the embarrassment of the Party Leadership, still red-faced over the *contretemps* which arose from the disputed Dulles talks on the Japanese Peace Treaty, is fully explained.

PARIS

The Pinay Loan

Our Paris Correspondent writes: On a short-term basis, M. Pinay is doing well—at least on the face of it. Without actually going down (despite the publicity in the Paris shops about "saving the franc" and "all-round 5 per cent. cuts") the cost of living has not gone up in the last couple of months. To the French housewife this is, after all, something. The subscriptions to the 3½ per cent. "guaranteed capital" Pinay Loan began in banks and post-offices on Monday, and it is likely to be a success—not a spectacular success, but sufficient to allow the Government largely to bridge the Budget deficit, and hold out till the winter; and by that time something else will turn up, and the U.S. Presidential Election will show where we are; so it's no good planning too far ahead, anyway! . . .

How much hoarded gold will be converted into Pinay Bonds remains to be seen. The first day or two were not very promising; most people still preferred to subscribe in cash or (worse still) in old Government securities, and to hang on to their gold for a rainy day, even though the "gold loan" is to bring in some interest which gold bars and *napoléons* do not. The Loan has, of course, raised all sorts of objections "of principle"; by tying the value of the *capital*, though not the *interest*, to gold. The Government, as a Socialist speaker said, has "granted an automatic sliding scale to capital which it will not grant to wages." Even so, the Loan is confidently expected to raise some £300 m.

Troubles Ahead?

In all this, as in the promise of amendments to the fiscal system, and of a "compromise" over the thorny question of the sliding scale (for the political parties that are opposed to the blocking of wages are not at all sure that the present stabilisation of prices is going to last) there is little imagination, and no attempt at all to grapple with fundamentals. One of these fundamentals, as many have pointed out this week, is the feeling of insecurity. This is a problem not for the Ministry of Finance, but for the Foreign Office; for only an imaginative peace policy—which is precisely what is not being attempted—can persuade capitalists to bring their money back from abroad and put it into French industry, or peasants to exchange their easily-hidden gold for interest-bearing bonds. All the rest, as Claude Bourdet says, is, in the long run, only publicity and window-dressing, and the comparison with peaceful 1926, when Poincaré *really* saved the franc, is basically false.

There is no inclination for the present to interfere with the "Pinay experiment"; but all the parties are preparing for a show-down in some not very distant future. The election of M. Teitgen to the presidency of the M.R.P. is indicative; as an old Resistance leader, he is hostile to the "Vichyism" of the Pinay Government; and he also foresees, before long, a rebellion of the more "socially minded" Left Wing of the M.R.P. against what looks like the sterile conservatism of the "experiment," with its cuts in public works and school credits.

Although it does not constitute in itself a threat to the Government, the arbitrary behaviour of the police is beginning to worry some non-Communist Left-wing groups. The closing of the Ambigu theatre, first because of "inadequate fire precautions" and, after the first night of the "anti-Ridgway" play, because of some strikingly unspontaneous rowdyism that broke out in the audience; and then, on Sunday, the arrest of André Stil (editor of *l'Humanité*, who recently won a Stalin Prize for his "anti-American" novel), because of his call to demonstrate against Ridgway's arrival in France (which, it appears, is an offence under a long-forgotten 1848 law) have all given these people an uncomfortable feeling of worse things to come. The trouble is that the Ridgway appointment was badly received by everybody, though in varying degrees, of course. But, to everybody, his name is associated with the unpopular Korean war; while, in the opinion of many non-Communists, the Communists have pulled off a big "psychological stunt" by associating Ridgway with microbes—the kind of thing that any woman with one or more children finds it so much easier to visualise than the apocalyptic atom bomb. For whether there are microbes in Korea or not, there are sure, she thinks, to be some in the next war. It is widely recognised that sending Ridgway, instead of Gruenther, to boss Europe was a major psychological mistake.

Socialists and Germany

The *dénouement* of the Bona negotiations found the French Socialist Party, which held its Congress at Montrouge last week-end, in a state of fine confusion. At one end of the scale there was Jules Moch, who had just returned from New York, where he had been representing France on the Disarmament Commission. If the Bonn Treaty were ratified, he argued, this would ruin irrevocably every chance of a general settlement, and all hope of international disarmament. Against this, at the other extreme, Felix Gouin sounded like one of the more lurid broadcasts of the Voice of America. The British Labour Party's change of mind merely illustrated how rotten Britain was with "anti-militarist and pacifist traditions." To Gouin, Russia was Enemy No. 1, and the integration of Germany in the West the only hope of saving Germany—and France—from being swallowed up by the Soviet Union.

The more moderate speech by Andre Philip, wrapped up in a mystical cloud of Strasbourg Europeanism, was not really very different in substance: he seemed unimpressed by the argument that the E.D.C. Treaty would not help the promotion of democracy in Germany. By and large, the dominant feeling in the Congress seemed to be one of anxiety, but not the anxiety that produces energetic action. Among delegates suffering from fatalism, sheepish optimism, distrust of Germany, dread of American "irresponsibility" and an equal dread of Russian "imperialism," the advocates of German integration as a "lesser evil" eventually won the day.

The Pact of Bonn

THE Americans have had their way. Strictly to timetable, the four Ministers signed at Bonn, on Monday, the conventions which are to regulate the future status of Western Germany. Calling it peace, they make of this half of the Reich, not a desert, but an armed camp. Ratification by the four Parliaments is still required before the conventions become operative; but it would be optimistic to conclude that the revulsion felt widely for these agreements in Britain, no less than in France, will prevent ratification. The event might conceivably be different if the leadership of the British Labour Party took the line of uncompromising opposition; but there is reason to fear that, before leaving office, the last Government committed itself too deeply to the American plan and its timetable for such opposition to be now very likely.

As for the French, it is significant that on the eve of the Socialist conference at Bonn which Mr. Dalton attended a month ago, a meeting was held in Vienna between representatives of the German Social-Democrats and the Socialist Unity Party (the Communists) of the Eastern Zone. At that meeting the Communists gave specific pledges that, if Dr. Schumacher and his colleagues would fight to the limit against the rearmament of Western Germany, they could rely on securing from the Party in the East genuine co-operation in free elections, coupled with recognition that the Social-Democrats must enjoy a majority in an all-German Assembly. It is an open secret that the Social Democrats might have closed with this offer had it not been bitterly opposed at Bonn by the French Socialist delegation. Indeed, the single most important factor in enabling the Americans to railroad through their plan has been that many, probably most, Frenchmen are so frightened of the idea of a united Germany that they prefer a Germany theoretically weakened by division—even if one half be armed to the teeth as an "ally."

And this, we repeat, is what is intended by the Bonn conventions. There are, of course, restrictions on Germany sovereignty which will stick in the gullet of German patriots. The Western Powers can intervene in the internal affairs of Adenauer's half-Reich if they consider that it is threatened with attack, or that the "democratic basic order" is being subverted or "public order" imperilled. The three Powers also retain the right to settle the terms for unification of Germany. But with these exceptions practically all restrictions on Western Germany's potential, for peace or war, are swept away; and, after next June, the U.S., Britain and France, must pay themselves for the forces which, under the European Defence Treaty, are to be stationed in this "forward, exposed, strategic area."

In the conventions there is one proviso which will doubtless encourage hopes among optimists that modifications may yet be made in this instrument for reinforcing the Western Bloc with a German army: the conventions may be revised in the event of the unification of Germany or "any other event which all of the signatory States recognise to be of a similarly fundamental character." The meaning of this last phrase is obscure; but, so far as German unity is concerned, the immediate prospects are bleak. Not merely are the Eastern Zone's security controls along the "frontier" being drastically tightened; the third Note delivered last week-end from Moscow suggests, as might be expected, that the U.S.S.R. has now made up its mind that the Western Powers have presented it with a *fait accompli* which leaves no further scope for bargaining. "The German people," it says, "will have to find their own solution." It is a declaration which is bound to be interpreted in Eastern Germany at least as a directive: every division which Adenauer raises in the West will beyond doubt be matched by an Eastern division. The Americans are, in fact, creating in Germany not one armed camp but two.

The Tory Machine

I. Lord Woolton's New Model

WITHIN a month or so of Labour's 1945 victory, Mr. Churchill had replaced the Rt. Hon. Ralph Assheton, chairman of the Conservative Party Organisation, by Fred Marquis, Lord Woolton. Woolton brought two things to the Conservative Party, a flair for public relations and organising ability. He stripped the political machine down to its ball-bearings and rebuilt it as the New Model Tory Party.

The machine that fought the 1945 election was the 1939 model, sadly weakened by the war. Neither in its leadership or its constituency membership was it a dedicated political organisation. Mostly, its local expression was the Conservative and Unionist Club, whose members were of doubtful political value or loyalty. Organisation was the responsibility of professional agents, usually retired Service officers, who at election times relied on the subscriptions of patrons to finance the efforts of paid canvassers and committee room workers. The Conservative Party was less a machine than a loosely knit social organisation, whose candidates were selected on the basis of their cash value.

Patronage, snobbery and a take-it-for-granted attitude made up the Tory Party in 1939 and 1945. Woolton needed the financial patronage; he could never eradicate the snobbery; but he, and the 1945 election results, killed the take-it-for-granted attitude. Churchill also realised that Toryism must be given a new philosophy. Peel had attracted the emergent business community and Disraeli had tried to enrol the newly enfranchised working class. In 1945, someone was needed who could fashion Toryism into a broadly based appeal to the whole community, and in particular to the industrial worker. So R. A. Butler was invested with the responsibility for dressing up the Tory doctrine.

The Tory Party internal revolution was carried out, then, by Woolton and Butler. Woolton the string puller and the Big Smile—Uncle Fred to everyone—and Butler the thinker, pale, bland and suspect by the real salt-of-the-earth Tories. These two derived their power from the peculiar construction of the Conservative Party, in which Authority spreads downwards from the Leader, and by the influence of the Conservative Central Office throughout the National Union of Conservative and Unionist Associations. The leader is, in theory, elected by a sort of electoral college consisting of Tory M.P.s, Peers, prospective candidates and the Executive Committee of the National Union of Conservative Associations. In practice this process is often a ratification of decisions previously made in secret. Once elected the Leader appoints the leadership—the Chairman, Vice-Chairmen and Treasurers of the Conservative Central Office, and the Chairman of the Policy Committee of the National Union. This gives him an iron grip on party policy and administration.

The role of Central Office is to guide, inspire and co-ordinate the work of the party throughout the country, and to provide central services. From Abbey House in Westminster, it nominates a Central Office Agent for each provincial area, and provides him with a staff answerable, through him, to Abbey House. The Party in the country consists of the National Union of Conservative Associations, which is built upwards from the constituency associations, through the provincial area organisations to its highest deliberative body, the Annual Conference. It is administered by the Executive of the National Union, which is in its turn answerable to a General Council which meets twice a year. The constituency Conservative Associations are autonomous bodies and have the right to select their own officers, select their own candidate and appoint their own agent.

The elaborate structure does not determine policy and does not decide how the Party is to be run. The functions of the National Union are deliberative and advisory. The task of its Annual Conference, and of the Executive and the Central Council is merely to put before the Leader an impression of the views of the Party membership, which he can either accept or reject. Indeed the power and usefulness of these various representative assemblies are vitiated by size. The Executive is, in composition, a fairly healthy public meeting, the General Council is as big as a Party Conference, and the Annual Conference itself can run up to 4,000 delegates. They are amorphous, flabby and unwieldy bodies. This, of course, strengthens the power of the Leader and his closest associates.

Woolton, as the Chairman of the Party Organisation, after first introducing business efficiency techniques into Head Office, turned to propaganda, publicity and the raising of money. His first task was to attract voluntary workers to the constituency organisations. Professional membership canvassers were hired (later, at their own request, they were renamed Crusaders). These political street-door salesmen, backed by voluntary workers, embarked on large-scale membership drives, with the target of one million new members. As the minimum subscription was 2s. 6d. a year, the financial gain was small. But a card-holding mass membership has two effects. It gives people a personal stake in the fortunes of their political favourites, so that they are not only more likely to vote at election time, but will be prepared to go to some trouble to get other people to vote. And, equally important, it increases the range of party propaganda. The party affiliate remembers the more telling points and retails them at work, in pub arguments and in bus queues. At this stage propaganda becomes disguised. To the listener it becomes not "what the Tories say." It is "Old Bill has a good point this morning." And so on.

Younger voters were recruited into the Young Conservative Associations. These youngsters were taken seriously by the Party, and they took themselves seriously. They staged debates and discussions; they canvassed hard; they attended

speakers' classes—and they had a strong social pull. They organised dances and did them well. There is no doubt that this combination of earnest endeavour with the social graces was attractive to the insecure adolescent on his climb from artisan status to the dizzy heights of clerkdom. The Young Conservatives were a success.

Less successful were Tory attempts to recruit an active body of trade unionists. They showed, however, no lack of enterprise. Well-established Tories were invited to join their appropriate unions. When I was Vice-Chairman of the Westminster Trades Union and Political Staffs Branch of the Clerical and Administrative Workers' Union, our meetings were graced, if not enlivened, by the attendance of several clerks from Tory Central Office itself. Trade union advisory officers were appointed, backed by Committees at National and Provincial area level. Help was given to anti-Labour federations of trade unions. Proletarian "Stars" like Bob Bulbrook graced the annual conference platform. Special meetings were arranged at which tea was handed round by the titled wives of leading Tories. But the cleverest and most successful campaign on the trade union front came after the repeal of the 1927 Trades Disputes Act. From the moment that contracting-out of the payment of political levy replaced contracting-in, and the weight of apathy among union members started to favour Labour, the Tory machine started a carefully planned campaign to persuade union members to sign contracting-out forms. All these campaigns, and others directed to women, to traders, and to old-age pensioners, were serviced by Woolton's propaganda machine, by his teams of paid speakers and by his mobile cinema vans.

The experienced and highly paid advertising and layout men recruited by Woolton revolutionised Conservative printed propaganda. This is now good, simple and direct—but very expensive. This, on the whole, has not worried Woolton, whose funds are amply plenished by large donations from industrialists and trade associations. Open collecting books are circulated in which each individual's contribution can be seen by his neighbours—a not very subtle way of twisting the donor's arm. One Tory peer made his sacrifice by selling eighteen hogsheads of fine vintage brandy. Beyond this we know little. The Tory party conceals the source of its funds.

In the meantime Butler, in the background save for an occasional press conference to launch a new Charter or Policy statement, acted as the Third Programme to Woolton's Light. He recruited a very able team of research workers, four of whom are now in Parliament, three as Ministers, and stimulated the Party into discussion of current events and future policies by a "Two-way Traffic of Ideas" through which local parties were invited and encouraged to put forward their views. He sponsored a flood of well-written and informative pamphlets and he helped found the Tory Residential College at Swinton. He built up a Parliamentary secretariat designed to brief the Tory Front Bench in Opposition. This, more than anything else, revived the Tories at Westminster from the slap-happy despondency into which they fell after the 1945 election.

Woolton and Butler did not change the Tory Party. It remains the stronghold of privilege and the despair of democrats. Titled connections are the passport to position and the aim is still, as ever, to preserve the institution of private property and the perquisites which flow from ownership. But Woolton put muscle into the old lady and Butler disguised her cupidity. In so doing they advanced the techniques of party organisation and management. Labour can learn from their efforts.

WILFRED FIENBURGH

London Diary

So far I have managed to protect myself and my family from the scourge of television. So I missed Lord Beaverbrook's reminiscences of Northcliffe. Encouraged, however, by reading in the *Daily Express* a not unflattering account of his performance, I tuned in with some sense of expectancy to last Sunday's radio talk on the new volume of the *History of The Times*. The Beaver does indeed emerge as a broadcasting star of planetary brilliance. He disregards all the rules. Not for him the colloquial, soft-spoken intimacies which, since Roosevelt, are often regarded as the secret of successful broadcasting. He harangues the microphone like an Old Testament prophet, warning an audience of sinners against the danger of graven images. The rasping voice, the Canadian accent, the staccato sentences, the brash egotism disarm and captivate the most sceptical listener. One can see at once the origin of the staccato style of leader-writing which the *Express* has made its own; and one can also measure the degree of its stylistic corruption in the hands of lesser men. There was one lacuna in the blistering attack on Geoffrey Dawson's conduct of *The Times* at the time of the Abdication. Why did Dawson behave in such a shabby and discreditable fashion? It was easy to believe that he was the creature of Baldwin. That would have been in keeping with the current policy of *The Times* and with Dawson's personal character. But Beaverbrook, speaking apparently with knowledge and authority, affirms that it was not so. It was, on the contrary, Dawson who egged Baldwin on and encouraged him when his nerve failed. Does the answer lie in that sinister and worldly figure, Archbishop Lang? But again why? If Dawson was running the Prime Minister, it seems on the face of it improbable that he should have been himself the tool of Canterbury. If he was actuated by nothing more than his personal view of the proper position in society of Cæsar's wife, the vindictiveness of his campaign—and, indeed, the risk to which he subjected the reputation of *The Times*—seem to be the more inexplicable. There is clearly more in this tale than Lord Beaverbrook has yet told; and I hope he will throw the remnants of discretion to the winds and tell it. Indeed he must, if he is to establish his version of the affair against the critical doubts of the *Manchester Guardian* and the *Daily Telegraph*, and against Wickham Steed's furious defence of Dawson in *The Times*.

* * *

If Lord Woolton is looking for effective spokesmen to present his Party's case on the radio at the next General Election, he should lose no time in signing up Lord Beaverbrook. Any perverse deviations on matters of doctrine or policy would be more than offset in Party advantage by the advocacy of a man who can sound as if he believes in the importance of what he is saying and who could never, surely, be a bore. Recent party political broadcasts judged alongside last Sunday's *tour de force* remind one how slow the parties have been to exploit the real possibilities of radio. The straight political talk, except by a master of broadcasting, has become one of the most boring formalities of an election. While, between elections, my guess is that few people even bother to switch on. Priestley has shown that he can make it worth while; Beaverbrook could, I am sure; Bevan perhaps, if he could be induced to talk to the microphone as he talks to his friends. But practically all the established party broadcasters are either too cautious to convey their personalities, or else misuse a skilful technique to reveal the sterility of their ideas. What about the method of unscripted discussion? Or exposition by question and answer? These are currently the most popular manifestations of the spoken word on radio; but so far, apart from two very cautious experiments for viewers only at the last General Election, the parties have funked them. What about the live broadcast of part of a public demonstration? Would not Jim Griffiths, for instance, potentially one of Labour's stars, sound better in the dramatic setting of a meeting of his own folk in the Welsh valleys, than in the soundproofed cloister of Broadcasting House? At present fewer and fewer people are influenced by the broadcasts. The first party to reverse that trend will score very heavily.

* * *

I can find no report in the press about the attitude of the British representative at the World Health Organisation towards the threat of the Catholic countries to leave the organisation if it passed a resolution sponsoring birth control in backward areas. Even a telephone call to the Ministry of Health produced no information. To judge by their concerted action, the Catholic governments are not so lackadaisical; and the proposal was duly shelved. There have been a number of other occasions in recent years where comparable blackmailing action has been tried. The apparent submissiveness of the non-Catholic countries to this sort of pressure contrasts oddly with our general touchiness about threats from other quarters in international politics. The Catholic attitude in this instance illustrates vividly the essential intolerance of their policy towards non-Catholics—no one, after all, challenges their right to abstain from birth control. I do not dispute the logic of their intolerance on their own premises, though I deplore it. But I do wonder at their tactics. The Communists no less than Catholics base their position on a dogmatic certainty of truth; and, where the two clash, one side is obliged to seek tolerance from the other. I should feel happier, for instance, about defending the rights of Catholic minorities in Communist countries, if it were not so often brought home to us that the Vatican's tactics are similar in kind, if not at present in degree, to those of the Kremlin.

* * *

The news that an air charter company is at last preparing to put into practice the long overdue reform of installing "back-to-front" passenger seating makes me wonder how long the national Corporations will withhold this additional safety measure from their passengers. Part of the reason for their great success lies in the popular belief that their standards of safety are the highest in the world. Why, then, stop short of what can be done? Most air-line passengers realise that the greatest remaining problem of air safety is to mitigate injury in the unlikely event of a crash. They would appreciate anything which would go some way to its solution. Anxious though I am on safety grounds to see this change, my most immediate interest in aircraft seating is a different one. I wonder how many other regular travellers share my dilemma, which can be simply stated. In the event of an accident seats at the stern of the aircraft are likely to be the safer. Accident or not, they are certainly the bumpier in flight. Death, then, or sickness? Since, when I get sick, I long for death, I make the rational choice and sit forward—sacrificing, as it were, long-term prospects for immediate well-being. B.E.A.'s admirable Viking service to the Continent suits me well. With tactics and an occasional gamesman's ploy in the race from the airport lounge to the aircraft, I can usually manage to capture the single seat

on the port side at the stern of the forward compartment. It may be dangerous and noisy; but I achieve my goals of solitude and relative equilibrium. On the new Elizabethan service my strategy is in vain. There are no suitably placed single seats. Won't one of the designers of tomorrow's palatial passenger cabins spare a thought for the sickly misanthropes—there are quite a number of us—who wish to travel unscrambled and alone?

* * *

That erudite censor of gaitered morals, the writer of the Preface to *Crockford*, makes his annual pounce. This time it is the Bishops overseas, one hundred of whom are apparently using coats of arms without legal authority. After negotiation with the College of Arms, it was agreed to reduce the usual fee of £105 to £38 in episcopal cases. "The response," the Preface comments, "... has been good, but there are many who have not yet seen their way to rectifying the position. From and including this issue of *Crockford* only registered arms can be shown, and we hope that the numerous blank shields will be filled before this generous concession is withdrawn." *Crockford* has also some tart things to say about what it calls "*Ornamenta*." "We refer to robes and external decorations . . . our information is that long traditional practice and restraint have been largely displaced by sartorial idiosyncrasy . . . unrelieved scarlet is not even aesthetically pleasing, particularly when clashing shades of it are in proximity."

FLAVUS

BONN BOUCHE

One more historic dinner has been
pressure-cooked in haste,
For the Foreign Office *cuisine* was not
everybody's taste,
But diplomats were able
To serve up on the date,
Presenting at the table
To the Federal German State,
With flattering attentions,
A banquet of Conventions
For sovereign independence—on a plate.

On Contractual Agreements and Protocols they dined,
And High Contracting Parties the lengthy menu signed.
They went through all the courses
With Germany as host,
And her gallant Wehrmacht forces
Were welcomed with a toast.
The dishes had been flavoured
With seasoning Bonn favoured,
And the Federal Republic ate the most.

There were loud congratulations on the diplomatic stew,
Though some who dined had bitten off far more than they could chew,
And plaudits were redoubled
When guests rose to their feet—
Apparently untroubled
By the words they had to eat—
And fervently repeated
Their new ally they greeted,
Now Bonn once more beside them took her seat.

The feast of pressure-cooking was a Cold War victory,
A landmark in the partnership of Western nations free;
The dishes were delicious,
Proof of culinary skill,
The whole event propitious
And symbolic of goodwill;
But though the feast was tasty,
The chefs were over-hasty,
For Bonn has got the *bonne bouche* and her partners get the bill.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Col. Christie-Miller said a hat was a mark of distinction. Without hats all men were equals—a Communist concept.—*City Press*. (A. R. Verney.)

Many a woman with her own housekeeping problems in mind must have felt a pang of sympathy for the Queen who has to submit her household accounts to a group of strangers at Westminster.—*News Chronicle*. (E. M. Clark.)

The names of comics, which glorify vice, brutality, sadism and sex are to be circulated to Scout leaders.—*Balham and Tooting News and Mercury*. (Peter Earl.)

"Likelihood of being struck by passengers who have refused to pay their fares is fast becoming an occupational risk for bus conductors in the city," said Mr. G. W. T. Pitt at Manchester County Magistrates' Court to-day.—*Manchester Evening News*. (A. Hollins.)

She and several other young Society girls who are "coming out" this season paraded before dozens of their friends and their mothers in dresses specially created for smart set girls with working class budgets.—*Daily Mirror*. (Elizabeth James.)

Oldham Sees It Through

IN Union Street, Oldham, No. 108 is a sturdy cheerful-looking corner house in red brick, divided from the pavement by a neat iron railing and a paved area. Through the cotton-mill grime that coats the bricks of Lancashire as dourly as it coats the clouds, and takes the sparkle off the brick as it hides away the sun, you can still see the frieze of moulded ornamentation which runs above the windows on the ground floor, and adds a touch of extra dignity to the large plate upon the door. This plate has to be large, for the inscription is long: *The Oldham Card and Blowing Room and Ringframe Operatives Association*. Just how bad is the cotton slump? The Cardroom Association can tell you if anyone can.

Upstairs, in an office that shines like a new pin, there is Archie Robertson. "And what have you found?" asks Archie Robertson at the close of this visit to Oldham. A very solid man in his middle years, Archie Robertson is the secretary of the Cardroom Association. His name is one to conjure with. Of a high reputation for toughness in negotiation, he unites stubbornness with a generous capacity for liking and being liked. He wears a trim blue suit and a smart black hat which sits on his fair head like a robin, as the saying goes, on a round of beef. As far as I know, there is nobody in Oldham who does not respect Archie Robertson; and they are right in this.

"Widespread unemployment," I say, "but amazing cheerfulness."

"Cheerfulness?" he says. "And what were you expecting then? When did you hear of Lancashire folk not being cheerful? All the same," he swings round in his chair, and looks at me sternly with a very blue eye: "it's not so funny. Don't you make any mistake about that. Down in London, now—they don't know the half of it. Why, down in London, there'd be a revolution, man, if they'd to put up wi' what we're putting up with."

No, it is not so funny. The Oldham Cardroom Association unites a third of the workers in the spinning process. Since the slump erupted quite suddenly at Christmas time, the Association has dug deeply into its reserves, just as the other spinning unions have done. Of late it has regularly paid out £3,000 a week in unemployment benefit. And that is only a part of the picture. There are just over 150 cotton mills in the Oldham region. Last year was one of almost unprecedented prosperity, with wages higher than at any time since the halcyon interval immediately after the first world war. Unemployment was practically unknown. With a merciless lack of warning, Christmas came and fifteen of these mills shut down. Others have followed, and now not a single mill remains unaffected. Only two or three have shut down altogether, true enough, but the remainder open and close as the slow shift of heavy stocks may permit. Last week, an unusually severe one, twenty-one mills temporarily closed; in the smaller cotton towns not far from Oldham, the story is even worse.

In Oldham itself, leaving out its satellite towns, the unemployment exchange has a registered working population over 18 of 38,000; about 11,000 of these are directly employed in spinning. Last week the figures showed 5,881 workers on short-time (one to three days a week), and 800 wholly unemployed. But the term "wholly unemployed" is misleading, for it covers only those whose jobs have quite disappeared: whereas many of those listed as "partly employed" will possibly have done no work for five or six weeks. For the whole region of Oldham there may be to-day as many as 20,000 cotton operatives wholly or partly unemployed, where six months ago there were no more than a few hundreds. The slump has come quickly: and it has bitten deep.

What is it like in 1952, living on the dole? Benefit rates, as we know, are to be raised this autumn. They need to be. The present dole is 26 shillings for a man or single woman, 16 shillings for a "dependent wife" (or 20 for a wife "stamped in her own right"—a wife, that is, who normally works for wages), ten shillings for the first child, and half-a-crown (plus Family Allowance of 7s 6d) for every other child. It needs no great computing skill, nor knowledge of prices in the shops, to see that nobody can live for long on such meagre rates.

In this situation the working people of Oldham are cheerful because that is their nature, but also because they are not yet convinced that the slump will last. They are hoping manfully that things may take a better turn. They know that the mills, financially and technically, are far better prepared to meet an economic crisis than they were at the end of the 'Twenties. Even they themselves are somewhat better prepared, because they have had a decade of full employment when they have eaten well and clothed themselves and cleared themselves of debt. Some of them have managed even to make a few small savings. If the crisis is brief, they will be able to tide over it without much suffering. If it is not brief, of course, their condition will be desperate; but this is a contingency they are not yet prepared to face. Nobody wants to pass sentence of death on his industry unless he must.

Smaller towns such as Nelson, where spinning is everything, have suffered worse. In Oldham spinning is no longer everything, or not quite. Other industries have grown up since the 'Thirties and these are still fully employed. Tom Washington, secretary of the A.E.U. in Oldham, says that he has no more than a handful of men who are "playing," as the northern term goes; and he expects few more. If these other industries keep going or grow with rearmament, then there may be jobs for some of the spinning workers. Most of these will have to pass from

skilled to unskilled labour, so that their technical capacities will be thrown on the nation's waste heap; but at least they will be working, and any work is better than no work. Prospects of "getting out of the cotton" are none the less not as good as they might be. The biggest of the local engineering firms has lately sent round a circular to say that "no more mill-hands are wanted."

For the partially unemployed—this being an area where all adults normally work for wages—it is little more, so far, than the "extras" that have gone. "No more cake for tea," says Mrs. Hollinwood in Henshaw Street. "And no holiday either. We'd booked at Christmas, you know. For Morecambe. Last year we went to South Wales. . . . But now there'll be no money for that. There won't be the savings, you see. It's a pity. . . ." Mrs. Hollinwood has worked short time since February; this week, for the first time, she is "out" altogether. And the bitter irony of it is that 1952 is the first year when two weeks' holiday-with-pay becomes a statutory right. The Welfare State has given; but it has also taken away. Mr. and Mrs. Hollinwood will miss even their usual week at the seaside.

Many are trying to "get out of the cotton" even if it means temporarily abandoning their families while they look for accommodation at new work-places often as far distant as Birmingham. Mrs. Harrington is one highly-skilled operative who hasn't worked full-time for weeks, but who has also failed in repeated attempts to get another job, "any job." Bill Oldroyd, a branch secretary of one of the spinning unions, points out that "at least they've solved the housing question"—for council rents at 30 shillings and more are beginning to go beyond people's means, no matter how desperately you may want to get out of your mother-in-law's or away from two rooms in a "back-to-back" in the middle of Oldham, where between nine and ten thousand houses are still on the condemned list.

So far, then, it's not the bitter want and misery of the Great Slump. Only the beginning: the sense of retreat from the great gains of full employment—but also the sense of not knowing just how far this retreat may carry you. Life is not yet impossible: it's only getting difficult. Some of the mills have closed down their newly-opened nurseries where mothers could park their under-fives at five bob a week; others have stopped the vans which used to collect these under-fives, so that mothers have to wheel them to the nurseries or else not to go to work at all. (And cotton mills begin work, in case you don't know, at half-past seven.) Such mothers are finding that childless women now have the advantage over them in keeping their work. "These mothers are finding that the mills are not particular if they come to work or not," says Bill Oldroyd, a younger version in solidity of Archie Robertson; "The mills can get plenty of women without young kids. They can pick and choose now where they couldn't six months ago."

The worst hit are the younger couples who've just taken on big commitments for furniture and other things on hire purchase. "This slump," says a salesman in one of Oldham's many hire-purchase furniture shops: "It's knocked us completely." He whistled: "Sales figures? We don't have any figures any more." Happily, the law governing hire purchase is better for the buyer than it was twenty years ago.

Is it "temporary recession" or the real thing? "It's just a bad patch," says a mill-owner; and the editor of the *Oldham Chronicle* says the same. Nobody that I have met has given me the impression of being altogether sure of his answer. But from the attitude of the unemployed there does seem to emerge one sure and certain thing. They are not to be treated like the unemployed who were tossed from slump to crisis, and back again, all through the 'Twenties and most of the 'Thirties. They will fight against being treated thus even harder than the unemployed of an older generation fought. After years of full employment and of Labour Government, with the dignity which both have added to working people, the unemployed of to-day expect a good deal more of the society which discards them than their fathers and mothers did. "We're used to one of two things that are fairly new to us," says one of them: "Milk for the kids—regularly. Fruit on the table for all of us. And a decent bit of carpet on the floor." He paused: "Yes, and we're used to going to work. Every day and every week. And bringing home money we've *earned*. And not killing ourselves with worry." He gave me a straight look, the sort of old-fashioned look that you get in Lancashire, half-smile, half-warning: "Do you think we're going to let these things be taken away from us—without having a word to say? When unemployment's none of *our* wanting?"

Oldham, May. BASIL DAVIDSON

The Party and the Painters

Is it much ado about nothing? Some say it is; but I don't think so. The amount of discussion that has been provoked amongst French artists of all tendencies by Aragon's series of articles in *Lettres Françaises* on the Soviet conceptions of art, and by the conference of Communist Plastic Artists which, under the chairmanship of Laurent Casanova, of the French C.P.'s Politburo and with Victor Leduc as *rapporteur*, met on April 23 and 24, shows that many people were touched to the quick by what the Communists had to say. Many of the reactions—notably from Surrealists like André Breton and Dali—were furiously hostile; but the response from many other French artists was much more *nuancé*.

The truth is that, two or three years ago, very few people in Paris could take Communist doctrines on art, then still dominated by the ultra-rigid canons laid down by Zhdanov, seriously. At the C.P. Congress at Genevilliers in 1949, Maurice Thorez gave the Party's official blessing to Fougeron—but was careful not to mention Picasso. Young Communist intellectuals at the time looked upon the whole thing with some distaste. As one of them caustically remarked: "*les Fougerons passent, l'Humanité reste.*" These young people still felt that politics and the C.P. were one thing, and that art was something different, and there wasn't much connection between the two. But a certain crystallisation process could be observed in the next few years. At first the battle was still very much on the political plane. Communist painters were talked about not because they were good or bad, but because at the Salon d'Automne last year six paintings, though approved by the jury, were taken down by the police on the opening day, at the express demand, it was said, of President Auriol. The authorities objected to the subject-matter—pictures of dockers refusing to handle American war material; pictures exalting Henri Martin, the Martyr of the C.P., sentenced to five years' solitary confinement for agitating in the Navy against the war in Indo-China, and so on.

But the matter was not confined for long to this simple problem of whether exhibitions could, or could not, be used for Communist propaganda. Fougeron is a competent painter and draughtsman; but he is scarcely a great artist. Nevertheless, the exhibition he held in the art dealers' street of Paris, the Rue de La Boëtie in the spring of '51 gave the art world of Paris something of a *nouveau frisson*. There was nothing startlingly new in the fact that an artist should concentrate on painting up people and life in the coal-mines; but, as *Esprit* wrote:

> What first catches the visitor's eye at this exhibition is not the violence of Fougeron's colours, but the public. In spite of all the propaganda organised by the C.P. in favour of this exhibition, one did not imagine that there would be such a mob—with its very high proportion of working-men and working-women. The real meaning of this exhibition is in their presence; for these are people most of whom have never set foot in an art gallery or a museum before.

Esprit looked at the visitors' book: "*These pictures show in what inhuman conditions our miners work*"; "*These pictures reveal our daily worries*"; "*These pictures will help us in our struggle. . . .*" All this, it noted, had nothing to do with art in the "real" sense. And yet, *Esprit* asked, "Is this not the kind of material with which artists can make real art? They may, of course, fall into the trap of 'Socialist Realism'; but, on the other hand, does not this kind of art open up real possibilities?" Besides, it noted that the C.P. did not regard Fougeron as "the alpha and omega of all art" and that it was considering him only as a pioneer in what might prove "not so much a new art school, as a new artistic culture."

This question of the "wider appeal" of modern art is something which, even for purely financial reasons, has left few artists, especially young artists, entirely indifferent. The crowds of railwaymen and building operatives visiting art galleries in the Rue de La Boëtie were certainly something new. And then, had not art, the art of the art collectors, and of the art dealers, with all their rackets, reached a dead-end in France?

That was before the proletarian wind had swept one day down the Rue de La Boëtie. Only the emphasis to-day is not on *proletarian*. On the contrary; if the art movement headed by the Communists to-day is to get anywhere, it must stop being narrow and sectarian; and everybody concerned seems to have realised that. The anti-Communist papers, in commenting in advance on the Communist Artists' conference of April 23-24, and carried away by their own wishful thinking, talked about Aragon having been "repudiated by his own people"; of Picasso having been "called to order," and of Matisse and Léger "falling into disgrace." Nothing of the sort happened. What exactly, apart from Leduc's *rapport*, did happen behind closed doors during those two days in the Rue Lafayette we don't really know; there may well, at times, have been some fur flying; but the Communist leaders who presided were, it seems, conciliatory throughout. A message of "gratitude, admiration and affection" was sent to Picasso, and the following week *Humanité-Dimanche* quoted him as saying: "I went to Communism as one goes to a spring of fresh water."

There is no doubt something highly equivocal about Léger and Picasso (despite the latter's highly "realist" Peace Dove) subscribing to the new philosophy of painting; and yet—it seems that points were stretched without end; and that *Guernica*, though contrary in form to the Communist art conceptions, was still accepted as the best of all anti-Fascist paintings; and could it not also be argued that Picasso, that "disintegrator of the human face" (as Mauriac had called him) was, by the same process, "disintegrating" bourgeois civilisation?

The younger painters, no doubt, will be frowned upon if they behave like so many sub-Picassos; but at the same time, they are not expected to be merely "proletarian." Victor Leduc, the official C.P. spokesman, speaking at the artists' meeting, called for a "live" approach to French reality, for a kind of revolt against the sterile sophistication imposed on artists by art dealers.

> The vision of the world given us by painters in the last 75 years has not grown wider; on the contrary, it has become narrower all the time, compared with Courbet, or even compared with the Impressionists. . . ."

And he quoted a recent article by Aragon, who had said:

> The Impressionists recorded the smoking railway engines of the Gare St. Lazare, and the streets of Paris with all their bustle. Since that time, who is the painter who has given us a reflection of human sentiment in relation to the changed Paris scene? Not one. The technique of modern painters makes this impossible. Painting has lost its real sense of *the modern*; it is not interested in life.

Raoul Dufy, not a Communist, but now exuberantly hailed by the French C.P. as "one of the Masters", uttered a warning in an interview with *Lettres Françaises* that pleased the C.P. no end: "Young artists, beware of formalism! And don't be afraid of rebelling against the old ones!"

The very anti-Communist review, *Arts*, published a report of a discussion it had organised amongst non-Communist artists and writers about the C.P.'s line on art. It reached no unanimous conclusion. Everybody was more or less hostile, but everybody seemed to agree that there was "something in it." Vercors, for instance, said:

> One can't pass a verdict on an artistic epoch which is in its infancy. Everything depends, in France, as distinct from Russia, on the manner in which artists will approach the "demands" of realism; if they are merely obedient, they'll produce nothing; but if they have real faith, they may produce a collective art equal to that of the greatest epochs.

Most of the others, it is true, were less optimistic; they thought it intolerable that "authority should dictate to the artist," or that "photographic art" should be promoted to the status of great art. Others, however, rejoined that if these generalisations applied to Russia, they did not apply in the same measure to France, where the C.P. was in opposition, and also made allowances for France's much higher artistic culture. Moreover, French Communist artists often enjoyed a degree of workmanship which the Russians lacked—painting not being Russia's strong point. And it seems that, on the quiet, everybody felt that there must be some reason, not only political, but also artistic, why, apart from many capable, but not outstandingly dazzling "party-boy" artists like Amblard, Fougeron, Taslitzky, Pignon or Mireille Miailhe, also "giants" of the Old School and darlings of the bourgeoisie like Léger and Picasso should now be painting pictures of Henri Martin, the rebel sailor of Indo-China. Did not this signify a revolt against the sub-Picassos of the Dead-End, and was it not a reflection of a more general desire amongst artists in France to find a way out—a desire which the French C.P. had begun to try to crystallise and inspire? And who, after all, except Salvador Dali, could really object—except on political grounds—to the vitality and the pathos of the series of drawings brought back from Algeria and Tunisia by Taslitzky and Mireille Miailhe—not perhaps great art, yet something more than mere sketch-book journalism? In any case the discussions provoked by the Communists had made a bigger impact in Paris than one would have expected three years ago; and most people now realise that the questions raised cannot be simply brushed aside, just because Soviet painting is bad.

ALEXANDER WERTH

The Law's Delays

"ENGLAND is the only civilised country in the world where litigants are not told, as a matter of course, the dates on which their actions will be heard." This is one of the discoveries reported in 1949 by the Evershed Committee on Supreme Court Practice and Procedure. To apprehend fully what it means in terms of cash, frustration and disillusionment, you perhaps need to have been a busy citizen called as a witness in a High Court action—though perhaps the litigant himself gets as clear a notion as anyone when he sees his bill of costs.

Once it is known that a case may be set down for trial in about a month's time (and you will be lucky to know anything more specific), no one involved in the case can safely make a private or business appointment of any kind for the week or so surrounding that hypothetical date. In the case of a medical or other professional consultant who is wanted as a witness, this may adversely affect a large number of his clients, whose own affairs may affect in turn many other people's. Here, then, is one cause of the high fees charged by some "expert" witnesses, and of the consequent high cost of justice. (I myself have heard many witnesses angrily say that they would "never again get mixed up" in a court action.) Even when the day fixed for the hearing arrives, there may be hours of waiting—to culminate, very often, in an adjournment to a date which disrupts even those arrangements that the witnesses have believed it safe now to make. Up go the costs of the case accordingly. The vague future of every High Court action is one of the causes of dilatoriness in solicitors' offices, where the red-taped bundles lie so forlornly in corners of the floor while the costs pile up. Fixed dates of hearing and a tightening-up of adjournment facilities would prevent a lot of dust from settling.

Fixed dates would also deter a good many adventurers who issue writs in the hope of out-of-court settlements but have no intention of fighting an action. What is there, then, against the proposal—favoured as it is by the Bar Council and the Law Society? In most European countries, throughout the Commonwealth, and (of course) in Scotland, dates of hearing are always fixed well in advance. True, one must allow for differences of legal system; and the position in France, where a man can spend as long as three years in prison before he is even brought to trial, suggests that the date itself may be no less important than the method of arranging it. It is also true that there are great difficulties to be overcome in estimating the probable length of trials, and the number of judges who will be available at any one time; and the proportion of unexpected settlements is always high. A recent experiment in fixing dates in the Chancery Division, where the length of a trial is perhaps least predictable, has been on the whole successful; but it looks as though it could lead to worse congestion than the calendar-juggling now resorted to unless many new judges are to be appointed. The cost of the new judges would be heavy, but at least we know exactly what it would be. The cost of the law's delays to the present-day community is incalculable. The thing is practicable; and no single reform would do so much to make English justice what we all try to believe it is.

But looking after the law and its machinery is, in effect, no one's job. When one section of it becomes the concern of a department of State (children, insurance, pensions), the relevant law itself gets tidied up by the relevant Ministry, while as for the machinery, recourse is had mainly not to the courts but to institutions like the Board of Trade and specially constituted tribunals. But in the general field of law, anomalies go unchecked for centuries, the law's delays are seen at their worst. Let us consider some anomalies that exist to-day, taking them in two groups—those that are politically controversial, and those admitted by everyone to be repugnant to what is called "natural justice."

The whole mass of law on "landlord and tenant" is so chaotic that neither side can benefit, yet neither is ever likely to promote clarifying legislation acceptable to the other. The law which so capriciously censors the work of writers and publishers, on grounds of obscenity, is based on ancient ecclesiastical laws against blasphemy and the *obiter dictum* of one nineteenth-century judge on the meaning of the word "obscene." Stage and film censorship equally need revision. The powers of the police, in many respects ill-defined, are used in a form of "detention for questioning" from which the law uneasily averts its eyes. The law relating to sex offences is a weaker edition of the eighteenth chapter of Leviticus, less stupid only in that it does not put the offenders to death. The death penalty itself is a pagan anachronism of which this country should be ashamed before its neighbours. The powers of the judges in the treatment of "contempt," involving sentence without appeal and prison without trial, is also a constant mockery of the intelligent view that punishment should fit the criminal and not the crime. The resuscitation in 1936 (R. v. *Manley*) of the convenient indictment for "doing an act tending to create a public mischief" was a shocking reaffirmation of the judges' medieval power to punish for lawful acts that happened to incur their moral disapprobation. It now seems fully restored to popularity with the Bench. Aliens living in this country ought to have some right of appeal, at least in time of peace, against the despotic powers of the Home Secretary. Despite a few statutory restrictions and certain conventions within the trade, patent medicine manufacturers continue to create and exploit mass hypochondria to an extent that menaces public health. The police are expected to cope with prostitution by the use of ineffectual laws that are degrading and often cruel. All these are matters that may properly be redressed in time through the efforts of propagandist societies, to whom controversy may be the joy of battle.

But what about the many possible reforms that would command universal approval, in support of which all lawyers, in particular, would unite? There are many of these. When, for example, a man makes a will in favour of his "children," and intends it to include his illegitimate children, a judge must, nevertheless, construe the word as excluding them, although he is perfectly satisfied as to the testator's intention. (The law about illegitimate children is still based on the principle that they must not fall on the rates, but its concern for holy wedlock sometimes involves it in these difficulties.) It is fifteen years since Lord Wright's Law Revision Committee urged the repeal of section 4 of the Statute of Frauds, by which certain contracts must be in writing to be enforceable—a reasonable provision when the parties were not allowed to give evidence in person, but to-day they are, and much injustice flows from the anomaly. A will made in contemplation of marriage, though not so expressed, is still revoked by the marriage—the very event for which it was made. The division of crimes into felonies (for which you could once be hanged "without benefit of clergy") and misdemeanours (for which you could not even be arrested) no longer has any rational basis; yet the distinction remains, to impose illogical disabilities upon felons but not upon misdemeanants (whose

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IN THE HATTON GARDEN WORKSHOP of a scientific instrument maker, in 1895, strange new pictures were thrown on a magic lantern screen — pictures that *moved*. What may have seemed merely an intriguing novelty to the admiring witnesses was, in fact, the first commercially practicable film projector to be made in this country — the Theatrograph. Its inventor was Robert W. Paul, one of the purposeful men who made the 1890's a period of promise unique in our history. Another was Albert E. Reed, who that same year began to make super-calendered newsprint and other printing papers at Tovil, near Maidstone, having converted an almost derelict straw mill acquired the previous year. Expanding his paper-making business with the energy and enterprise so typical of the times, he founded one of the largest paper-making organisations in the world. For to-day the four mills of the Reed Paper Group, with its unrivalled technical experience and resources, produce more than a quarter of a million tons of paper a year — newsprint, printings, Reed's famous Aylesford Kraft and other kinds of wrapping papers.

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crimes are often the worse), to confuse the position as to civil proceedings based on the same facts as a prosecution, and to punctuate the criminal proceedings with medieval mumbo-jumbo that is of meaning and advantage to no one. The MacNaghten Rules, by which the defendant in a criminal case must still be adjudged sane or mad, are based on the knowledge of lunacy in 1843, when idiots were displayed in cages at public fairs. These Rules were described in 1920 by the legal correspondent of *The Times* as "a blot on our criminal law" and "almost universally condemned by experts." Since then, thirty-six defendants in murder cases, declared by doctors to be insane, have been hanged because their cases could not be fitted into the MacNaghten Rules.

Some of the reform movements, so far as they are touched by all these evils, seem concerned rather to palliate their consequences than to root them out. Palliation is more compassable and emotionally more rewarding. The rooting-out must be done at Government level. C. H. ROLPH

Chosen People

SOMEONE in Jerusalem mentioned that there was a village in the North where converted Italian Jews had settled. Many years ago, one of them read the Old Testament, became converted and converted many of his neighbours, without realising that there were other Jews in the world. The story awakened my curiosity, and I decided to go and see the converts.

Alma lies at the end of eight miles of execrable road in the Galilean hills, not far from the ancient city, famous for its courtyards, of Safad. The newly built, raw looking village of small houses is in a valley which forms a shelf above a much deeper valley, beyond which is Mount Hermon. From the little settlement you see the mountain cap, with the snow running down its sides in gullys, rise like a pale moon above the edge of waving grassland.

In the fields near the road we met a small boy, called David Bonfitto. He had the fair hair of most children who are born Israelis, and a bright round face. We asked for "the Italians" and he told us there were only twelve Italian families; the rest of the village were Tripolitanians. He invited us to see his mother, so we put him in the car with us, and as we passed a little donkey someone asked him: "Does he talk Italian too?" "No," said David, "only Tripolitanian dialect."

Signora Bonfitto lives in a spotlessly clean house consisting of two sky-blue-painted rooms opening one into the other. The walls are adorned with prints illustrating the Old Testament. "Images on the walls; not so very orthodox," observed my companion. In the further room, over a matrimonial double-bed, we could see a large framed Hebrew inscription, the work of David. Signora Bonfitto prepared a plate of little sweets and chocolate for us, and threatened to be offended if we declined these rarities. Meanwhile the room filled up with her relations—a sister, looking very much the spinster aunt, with the Book open at the Ten Commandments in enamel round her neck as a pendant; a young man with tooth-brush moustache who leaned back in his chair against the wall with an air of detachment; two very pretty girls, and a baby or two.

Signora Bonfitto has grizzled disordered hair, angular features, and eyes which seem waiting for something she has to say. I asked her why they had all come to Israel, and she blazed into a prophetess. While all the others watched her, she sat straight up in her chair, clasped her hands together and shook them at the ceiling. A torrent of dialect in which I could only recognize the words "Bible," "Jerusalem" and "prophet" poured out, as from a medium in a trance.

Her family, not very reverently, I thought, tried to quieten her down. I protested that I could understand nothing she was saying, so we decided that she should talk in Italian, eleven-year-old David translating this into Hebrew, which my companion would then turn into English for me. I took out my note-book and David said: "You'll never have enough paper to write down what she'll say." This was translated to Signora Bonfitto who burst out laughing, cupped the boy's face in her hand as the Italian peasants do when they say "*caro*," and became for a few moments very human. Then she settled back into her formidable pose, and started her narrative. From time to time members of her family interrupted and corrected her.

In Garganico, the village near Foggia, from which they came, there was a man called Donato Manduzzio, who, in 1930 had a vision. In his dream he heard a voice say: "Levi must light the lamp." Manduzzio said: "I haven't any matches." The voice replied: "It doesn't matter. Your name is Levi, and you must light the lamp." After that, Manduzzio got a copy of the Bible and read it through from cover to cover. He saw that it contained a message quite different from that of the New Testament. He said: "There are two religions, Catholic and Protestant, both calling themselves Christian. Both are wrong. The true religion is that contained in the Old Testament." He started trying to convert the people in the village. He pointed out to them that they were idolators who worshipped graven images. Most of the Christians, said Signora Bonfitto, told Manduzzio he was a fool. Manduzzio said: "You rest on Sunday, but God said you should rest on Saturday—the Sabbath." "But they all made jokes about him," said Signora Bonfitto. She herself then read the Old and the New Testaments. She decided that Manduzzio was right. "And so," she said. "I broke the statues."

We all fell silent, as she got up, went into the bedroom and came back with a white silken table cloth on which were embroidered the Ten Commandments. The lettering was beautiful, like an inscription on a Roman triumphal arch. The cloth was embroidered in a pale grey silk which was scarcely legible against the white background. This produced a mysterious and solemn effect like everything else about Signora Bonfitto.

When we had admired the cloth, she went on with her story. All this while, she said, Manduzzio and his followers had no idea that there were other Jews in the world. One day a pedlar came to the village. Manduzzio of course told the pedlar his ideas, and the pedlar said: "There are a lot of people who think as you do. I can easily give you an address where other Jews are living." The address was in Naples. Levi (as he was now called) wrote to Naples and got the reply that he should write to a Rabbi in Rome. He wrote to Rome but there was no reply. "They thought we were joking." It was not until he had written three times that he got a reply. Then the Rabbi wrote: "I thought you were joking, but now I really see that you want to be a Jew."

The Rabbi sent a representative to Garganico. This man, who came from Rome, didn't say a word. He came only to listen, said Signora Bonfitto. He spent a whole day with Levi, only listening. Then, when he was leaving, he said: "You are more a Jew than all the other Jews." He looked at Signora Bonfitto's pale-grey embroidered Ten Commandments hanging on the wall, and said: "I see that you are a Jewess also."

Books were sent to the village, and now a whole succession of visitors started coming. One of them was a Jewish historian who—to use Signora Bonfitto's words—"came to hear about the light that burned in the village of Garganico." When a famous Jewish scholar was leaving, Manduzzio asked him: "Don't you want to leave us a souvenir?" He replied: "You villagers don't want a souvenir from me. You have a prophet."

Before he died, Manduzzio knew about the Jewish State, and that not his body but his soul would return to his homeland. And on his death-bed he had a dream about a flock of sheep and of a voice that said: "This flock is going back to its home and this flock is of the people of Israel."

After Levi's death Signora Bonfitto did not know what would happen. Then she too began to have a whole series of dreams. In her first dream someone came and gave her a paper with Hebrew words written on it. She complained: "I don't understand." A voice said: "The paper says you must return to Israel." Two months later, in a second dream, a man told her: "In the same way as God told Abraham 'You are going into the land of Canaan,' so say I unto you that you are going into the land of Israel." On another occasion she dreamed that she was reading the 83rd Psalm, which was being pointed out to her by a Christian priest. She showed me the passage in the Italian version. In the next dream, a child took her by the arm, and said: "You know that your *Kibbutz* is going to another place." She did not understand the meaning of the word *Kibbutz* until it was explained to her.

At this time half of those men who had been converted were circumcised, the others not. She was told in a dream that every man who wanted to go must be circumcised. She heard only a voice in this dream and saw no one.

By this time the events in Garganico—particularly her last dream—were beginning to attract wide attention. Two journalists came from Rome and photographed the villagers. Then someone came from the American Joint Distribution Committee and told them how they could get to Israel. The emigrants went to Rome and there the men who had not been circumcised were: this made headlines in the Italian press. They showed an illustrated article in *Europa* and it seemed characteristic of them that they read out the rather ribald-seeming headline with perfect seriousness as though they took it as a witness of a state of grace that they were in.

After Rome, they left for Israel. "And you actually have some paper left in your notebook," said David. We went out of doors and I photographed a group of them all in the fields, with Mount Hermon behind. By the time we left David in the exact spot in the fields where we had found him, it was sunset and there was that mysterious Biblical light when the rays of a rising moon cross those of a setting sun and the grass seems daylight one side, moonlight on the other. It is a light of magic in which any miracle might happen. David stood waving to us, like a figure drawn round the word *Finis* at the end of a fairy tale.

There was a postscript. We gave a lift to a Tunisian at the edge of the village, who told us that the Italians were not cultivating their fields this seventh year, when Moses said the fields must lie untilled. "The Rabbi has told them they should work their fields," he said, "but they take no notice. They say they have read what to do and what not to do in the Bible."

STEPHEN SPENDER

Chelsea Militant

We have left our mackintoshes, but uncertain remains the day, and London would be among the greyest sights on earth if it weren't for one thing. Look along Oxford Street; its buses have the colour I mean. Should everything splash (as it looks like doing), they will splash red. There's the pillar-box on the corner. Wait long enough, and you'll hear the exciting clang of a bell and see the yet more exciting fire engine race by.

London red seems to cling to the public offices, for besides transport, pillar-box, and fire-brigade, the sentries' coats are of the same hue, and veteran pensioners sport it down to the knee. Children's berets and gloves, women's tunics, idly pick out the theme along a crowded shop front. Oh, and there in a window-box—the very prototint of all this redness—is a geranium. Does it startle or soothe? Is it cheerful, angry, gay, repellant, dangerous, inviting, warning, beautiful, lively, or what? Who can say? In Spain it would advertise a bull-fight, in Rome a gathering of the faithful, in Moscow an armed rally. Here it means, if it means anything at all, people who don't see red.

But we do see—once in a year—a Flower Show, a Lord Mayor's procession, a Trooping of the Colour. Chelsea, you might say, is the Trooping of the Flowers. There they are in their full-dress uniform, the Rose Guards and the Tulip Regiment, the six-foot Delphiniums, the Sweet Pea Fusiliers, the Stocks, the plucky Irises, the Calceolarias and the Rhodies and Chrysanths, as well-drilled a force as ever you clapped eyes on. They've brought their bands with them, too. The instant we enter the marquee—Chelsea being now, except for the stalls and the gardens, one enormous marquee—the bands all strike up at once in discord, and somewhat shaken, but smiling our unconcern, we join the civilian party that crawls round to review the ranks.

How gorgeous they are, how brave, how they stare! What records, what medals! My own amazement (since I was never one for parades) gives way to adaptability, adaptability to critical haste, haste to despair, but a despair in which pleasure and cunning are beginning to assert themselves. Damn calceolarias! Grandeur and violence being the order of the day, I seek out what is delicate, seclusive, and small. The rock plants do not outstare or outsmart me; some of them—heaths, gentians, roses—are exquisite; I know of—let me see, now—an Iris, *Persica*, one to two inches high, with white, greenish blue, purple or orange flowers; this I require, and not finding, assume a much-needed superiority. Let Gloxinia threaten, lily sneer—I don't mind; and as I go round again (for always we must go round again, having missed "something") I feel the strain of the occasion less. I meet, among the private exhibits of the Society, a fascia of vast overblown rhubarb stalks—that old emblem of gardening fatuity—and it revives my spirits.

But isn't it all—everybody is exclaiming—wonderful?

Yes, almost too wonderful.

Although, perhaps, not *quite* as good as last year?

Well, perhaps not quite. But wonderful. And bigger and better blooms are promised for next year, so that, in the years to come, we may all be able to experience the tiptoe pride of the late King Victor Emmanuel inspecting his Palace Guards.

With a last flourish of brass, a chromatic cheer, a salute to marquee and prize garden, we are dawdling our way along the serpentine exit path that will be there long after the Flower Show is forgotten. One miserable flower accosts me; a plain, ordinary, twisty lupin rather dust-laden from the tramp of feet. How our glutted appetite scorns it; I avoid its eye, I pass it quickly, with the same uneasiness that will afflict me when I meet a beggar outside. But then I look back. The lupin, in all its disarray of pink spires and green cartwheel spokes, still trails appealingly over the path, and it has something I must have been looking for most of the afternoon. Yes, it's off duty. It doesn't strain. It's itself. Grandiflorescence hasn't even entered its head.

G. W. Stonier

The Arts and Entertainment

THE BOSTONIANS

For the first time in the 71 years of its existence the Boston Symphony Orchestra has played to an English audience, and I hope that another 71 years will not elapse before we are given a second chance to make its acquaintance, because the truth is that last Monday's concert was an exciting rather than a truly satisfying experience. Too many obstacles had conspired to hinder complete artistic success. In the first place, the orchestra became entangled with a French bicycle race on its way to the English Channel, thus missing its boat and reaching London with so little spare time that the concert had to be postponed for an hour; consequently, the players had no time to rehearse or to adapt their seating and dynamics to the undeniably difficult acoustics of our Festival Hall. Then the programme, designed as part of the "Masterpieces of the 20th Century" celebrations in Paris, was about as ill-balanced as could well be imagined. The classics were ruled out by the nature of the case; but it was surely unwise to include so much French music of the same rich texture: not only Debussy's *La Mer* and Ravel's *Daphnis and Chloe* (*chevaux de bataille* of this orchestra, which we were glad to hear) but Roussel's *Bacchus and Ariadne* suite as well. To balance these sumptuous examples of French pictorialism, we had two unrepresentative specimens of the American school: the dry and mechanical *Toccata* of Walter Piston, and a 20-year-old *School for Scandal Overture* by Samuel Barber which is agreeable enough but carries little hint of his present distinction. Of greater substance was a new Symphony by Honegger, his Fifth, the first movement of which is among the Swiss composer's most terse and impressive achievements.

Under Charles Munch, the Boston orchestra seems to have retained much of the character which we recognise from the many gramophone records made during the Koussevitsky epoch (1924-1949). It is an instrument of almost unparalleled virtuosity: the strings rich, supple and strong, the woodwind of great delicacy and purity, and of a predominantly French timbre; the brass precise and formidably brilliant. No doubt, on the home ground, these components make up an ensemble as musical as it is mechanically efficient. In the Festival Hall, however, the ensemble was uncomfortably dominated by the first trumpet of Roger Voisin, who sat high up opposite the conductor, continually raised the bell of his instrument towards heaven and the microphone, and mercilessly jabbed us—there is no other word—with vibrating daggers of sound. After some of these assaults, I began to wonder whether circumstances were wholly to blame for the unmusical results, or whether Mr. Voisin has a "hot" jazz background which he sees no reason to conceal. At any rate, I cannot think that Debussy imagined sounds so insistent and so coarse as these, and I am surprised that Mr. Munch should acquiesce in a style of playing and a quality of tone which stand out like a rash on the orchestral fabric.

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Exquisite compensation came from the first flute of Georges Laurent, who in a hundred details proved his innate musicality, and at the end of the evening caressed the sinuous melodies of *Daphnis* with ravishing art; his tone, never pallid, has a sweet and seductive colour of its own. It was in *Daphnis* also, that Mr. Munch restored our faith in his musicianship. His conception of *La Mer* was sectional, and lacked the tremendous unifying impulse of Toscanini; but it is hard to conceive a more magical or a more sensuous realisation of Ravel's greatest score, and it is by this dazzling achievement that the flying visit deserves above all to be remembered.

* * *

Eugene Onegin, just too fragile to hold a permanent place in the international repertory, is a minor masterpiece of opera, and Tchaikovsky's greatest achievement in this field. The Sadler's Wells revival, a considerable achievement about which I should like to write at greater length, should at last establish the work's English popularity. Musically, the weakest points were the oboe and horn playing (immensely important in this score) and the Tatiana of Amy Shuard; dramatically, she makes a touching heroine, but her singing lacks sweetness, and her upper notes are now dangerously uncovered. The Olga of Elisabeth Robinson, the Lensky of Rowland Jones and the Onegin of Frederick Sharp were all well in the picture, though the latter should insist on a less clerical hat for his first entry. George Devine has produced with great clarity and absence of fuss, and Motley's settings are handsome except for a silly bedroom scene like a pierrot stage. We shall appreciate James Robertson's handling of the score better when the orchestra has shaken down after its recent reorganisation.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

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RAVENNA MOSAICS

THIS very important exhibition at the New Burlington Galleries contains nearly 60 replicas of various fifth- and sixth-century mosaics. These replicas, some of complete panels and some of details, are absolutely accurate in size, colour and, most important of all, in surface relief—in the relative level and angle of each individual *tessera* of glass or stone. Obviously some of their original mystery and power is lost simply because they are presented outside the context of their architectural setting. The exhibition, however, by making them more accessible than they are in Ravenna offers us a unique opportunity for analysing their amazing use of colour and drawing and also the character of the medium itself.

The essential and exciting quality of a mosaic is that it both enriches and destroys the surface of the wall in which it is set. The actual process of its building, the hard cutting of the glass and stone, the firm pressure with which the thumb of the artist has pushed each separate piece into the plaster, the uncompromising judgment which must lie behind the selection of its particular colour and size—these somehow stress the definition of the wall. It is only when seen from a distance, when the separate colours are fused and the light is reflected from so many different edges and angles, that the final images seem to destroy their own surface, making it simultaneously more vivid and more ambiguous, as though seen through a sheet of glinting water. But it is this—this leap of the artists' imagination between the rigid process and the volatile image—which gives every panel its incredible vitality. Simply because the medium is, in one sense, so limited, facility can never take the place of such imagination. The method is always clear. One can examine each particular local decision which caused an outline to thicken, a dark blue *tessera* to be used instead of a light one, a transparent gold to become an opaque gold, a crescent line to be tilted towards or away from the light, and then, stepping back, marvel at the total result of ten thousand similar decisions.

In the first room are panels from the Mausoleum of Galla Placidia and the Cathedral Baptistery. Far more Roman in style than Byzantine, their backgrounds are blue—a Mediterranean night-sky blue—instead of gold, and the figures are solid, modelled both tonally and colouristically. This solidity and the architectural form of the medium itself lend the figures, although not particularly large in scale, a truly heroic power. Familiar anatomical metaphors re-acquire their architectural meaning—the dome of the forehead, the column of the neck, the bridge of the nose, the brow, the temple. Yet this monumentality is never dull. The dignity of the figures is only moving because the characterisation and gestures are profoundly human. Nor are they in the least stiff or static in colour and drawing. Notice, for example, in the standing figure of the Apostle Paul, the four or five orange *tesserae* on the turn of the cheek and the wing of the nose. These tauten the solidity of the whole head—as the flick of a lash revolves a top.

The second room contains panels (several purely Byzantine) from the two basilicas of S. Apollinare Nuovo and S. Apollinare in Classe, and from the church of S. Vitale. Such masterpieces are impossible to describe in so short a space. Yet two things are worth pointing out. The degree of formalisation and the purely religious serenity of these mosaics have, I think, been exaggerated. It is their expression of character stripped of all triviality, and the grave deliberation of the poses themselves, which give the figures an appearance of stiffness—not a love of mere decoration or an absence of objective knowledge. As for the unworldly serenity, this can, I believe (despite the original intention of the artists), be taken in two ways. Just as many mystical poems may be read as expressions of profane love, these mosaics may be enjoyed as works of extraordinarily refined sensual passion. Indeed, in this way, we may appreciate them far more directly.

JOHN BERGER

RADIO NOTES

APART from a short experimental run outside the West End in 1927, last week's radio version of Chesterton's play *The Judgment of Doctor Johnson* (produced on the Home Service by Frederick Bradnum) was, it seems, its first public performance. At the outset we may wonder why. It is clearly devised in theatrical terms (an odd thing, for Chesterton was not a man of the theatre); even on the air the stage machinery was obstinately evident. The dialogue, if sometimes surprising, was not trite; Johnson, indeed, supplied many of his own lines. But like most of the author's work, it illustrated the Chestertonian limitations—a narrow and violent vision which prevented him from writing at any length with detachment; a habit of impelling his work along not by a growing idea but by gusts of sometimes quite irrelevant anger. Thus, a play about 18th-century politics which opens with an American rebel agent and his wife secretly entering Britain by way of a Hebridean island, and going on to start a *salon* in London, slants away at the end into an irate and sententious sermon about the mystic qualities of women and the duties of a wife in particular. Was it the voice of the Sage that we heard in this, or merely the voice of the author? Cecil Trouncer increased the doubt by presenting a Johnson modified and unrugged. Howieson Culff did better with the wickeder part of Wilkes.

Supplication to the Divell, by H. A. L. Craig, might be described as a group of impressionist portraits of Thomas Nashe and other Elizabethan satirists; or, more exactly, as a retelling (partly in the original words, partly in those of Mr. Craig) of the 16th-century battles by pamphlet between Nashe, Harvey and the anonymous Martin Marprelate, with the death of Greene for good measure. There is certainly a subject here! Yet, even at the highest level, a feature should succeed in driving a path through its material. Mr. Craig's gallimaufry, which drove none, presented problems that would have daunted most producers: though the adventurous Terence Tiller and his team of actors did what they could. An interpretative programme on Nashe (perhaps by Mr. Tiller himself)—now, that would be something. But here was Mr. Craig, poet rampant where he should have been a guide; and such a hearty good companion of his Elizabethans that you couldn't always be sure which was the one or the other. The style of Nashe is crowded, complex, racy, impertinent; full of headlong contemporary images. The style of Mr. Craig is crowded, complex, racy; impertinent; full of headlong contemporary images. The one imposed upon the other of Nashe leads to a composition so indigestible to the imagination, and so difficult to disentangle, that many listeners must have wilted long before the end.

It was a witty piece of casting to give Lord Beaverbrook (on Sunday evening) the job of talking about the recent Fourth Volume of "The History of *The Times*." The material—chiefly an untramelled commentary on the editor Dawson's role in the Abdication—certainly added to the gossip of history. But it was the whole performance, manner and all, of this thoroughly independent speaker, that turned what might have been an ordinary historical review into a striking if unintentional radio self-portrait.

I have left to the last the outstanding serious broadcast of the week. This was a talk given by Pablo Casals (in English), in a recorded interview with Ronald Hambleton, formerly music critic of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. Some of this was concerned with Casals' own musical practice and philosophy—the rest, with the more unusual matter of why, for conscience sake, he is silent now as a musician. Since 1938 (we were reminded), when his country fell into the hands of the rebel dictatorship, he has been a voluntary exile; for several years, now, he has made the further sacrifice of giving no public performance. To-day, on such a theme, it is strange to hear the plain facts of European politics plainly stated: it is still more strange and refreshing to find the

artist putting his principles before his art. I quote his conclusion: "In this tragic Spanish question, it is not a political regime at stake, but the idea of human dignity itself. I have met with much hardship in taking this stand against indifference and shame, but I have the satisfaction of having done my duty." NAOMI LEWIS

THE MOVIES

"Mourning Becomes Electra," at the Carlton
New Programme of Stereoscopic Films, at the Riverside

Famous plays rarely make famous films. Already this year we have seen *Miss Julie*, *Murder in the Cathedral*, and *The Streetcar Named Desire*; the first a qualified success, the second a failure, the third a fair match of its somewhat undistinguished original; and now comes a qualified failure, O'Neill's *Mourning Becomes Electra*. This New England version of Greek tragedy, with the Civil War ended and heredities as fates, belongs to the stage; and the stage, under Mr. Dudley Nichols's direction, it gets. True, it is a rather larger stage than would be provided in a theatre. We see in and outside (though not behind) the house, whose pillared front gives on to an artificial lawn; the background of trees and sky seems painted, and the greenhouse exists only to house the gardener, unconvincingly employed but pregnant in speech. Entrances and exits are theatrically timed; the dialogue varies between naturalism and footlight convention; all the characters have that fluency in tit-for-tat, speech-making and monologue which may increase illusion in the theatre but disperses it anywhere else.

Very soon we begin to tire of people who can't stop talking in the most set-to fashion, who do without meals and servants, who never dress or undress or go to bed, who are only there, in fact, in order to act out and parley away their drama. The effectiveness of doom-and-gloom is thus considerably reduced; if the inexorability of fate is there, so also is inexorable tedium. For two and a half hours eternity has been ours as we listen, watch, are appalled, yawn, shift, cease to attend, come back, endure, and revive when in its final stages the drama revives. Close-ups may have added a little, in particular the sailing iceberg of Katina Paxinou's Mother; but in the end the close-up that brings us no nearer gives away more than it gains. Some of the actors are as uncomfortable as we are. It is quite painful to see Miss Rosalind Russell. How has *she* wandered on to the set? On the other side of those sunset backcloths Mr. Powell may, with the dog on a lead, be waiting, domestic tiffs may beckon. Poor Miss Russell is caught. As Vinnie, the implacable Vinnie, she has to iceberg away for minutes at a stretch. What's up? After the camera has been on her for a preparatory moment she registers a start or an attention. The director has not found means, sometimes, to do more than fill in round the edges of talk.

This, it might be thought, is a natural result of taking any play literally. But, given the understanding—and the play—it can be done. Witness *Enrico Quattro* or, more to the point, Cocteau's *Les Parents Terribles*. Here is a transcription equally direct, and here also are the fates and the genes, the tyrannies, the manias, the incestuous stranglehold of ingrown family affections. Cocteau has, of course, an essence to convey, and his dramatic uses of ambiguity, are matched by a fine instinct for the screen.

The Riverside Theatre—where last I seem to remember attending Mr. Sachs's ten o'clock joys—is now lettered "The Cinema of the Future," and opens the season with a short programme of stereoscopic films. Various technical improvements have been made, including a projected frame which may be brought forward or backward in focus. The films themselves are negligible. By far the best of them, both as entertainment and as optical display, is a colour cartoon, *Twirligig*, from Canada. This bit of doodling with a line in space does manage to get some kick out of its freedom. But when shall we be shown a three-dimensional film worth seeing in itself? Must new inventions go always with old uninventiveness? WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"Swing Back the Gate," at The Irving

The sub-title, "A Nostalgic Revue" disarms; but let's hope that it's not lack of contemporary material which has decided the Irving Revue Company to turn back the leaves ten years or more, and to rifle material from the old Gate Revues. Many of these sketches still amuse, even if they do not, as they used to, and as they should, sting. The Kensington Girls from Kensington Gore, Tatler Time, The Smack at the Blacks, Young Haytick at his Public School—such numbers as these will not only stir agreeable memories of the middle aged but flatter them too with that pleasing belief that in their youth everyone was wittier, gayer and cleverer than they are now. Whether the young of to-day would concur is another matter. Some of the numbers depend more on performance than on their intrinsic merit, and here the present day is at a patent disadvantage: it has no unique artist of genius to compare with Miss Hermione Gingold. Mr. Denis Martin sings charmingly: Miss Maria Charles points her lines acidly, Mr. Leslie Crowther has a light hand. But it was generous folly to call in a star from the Old Gate and allow Mr. Walter Crisham to put over that famous pornographic pedlar of his. Such perfect solemnity, such superb timing and exact control are something which the present company is only aiming at. T. C. W.

"Sweet Madness," at the Vaudeville

This is the lightest of light comedies, and perhaps it doesn't even quite succeed in its humble intentions of mild distraction, though it hovers all the evening on the edge of success. But there are passages in it which suggest that the author, Mr. Peter Jones, if he were a little less bound down by the conventions, might find a charming comedy style of his own. In particular, there was a speech from the butler which had a distinctly individual tang. It lay a little outside the play as it was, but indicated what the play might have been if the author could have developed his reach. As it is, *Sweet Madness* gives Miss Geraldine McEwan a chance of displaying her most unusual appeal, compounded in equal parts of wickedness and innocence. Mr. Richard Attenborough is fast acquiring a most efficient comedy technique, and Mr. Robin Bailey supports agreeably. Too late in the evening, Mr. Martin Miller made a magnificent irruption as the most neurotic of psychiatrists. T. C. W.

Slavonic Rhapsody, at the Cambridge

In European national dancing the technique, or specialised work, is concentrated on the feet, while the head and body are used rather as a sort of dummy to show off the decorative costumes. This is a serious limitation when it comes to arranging a theatrical production, and by the end of an evening of national dances the pattern has generally become too familiar. The Yugoslav tradition of national dancing is no exception, as may be seen from their State company in *Slavonic Rhapsody*; for though their traditions derive from Turkish, Slav and Italian cultures, the general pattern is constant. But there is one feature of the show very unfamiliar to this country—its masculinity. The women are used as foils for the men; they are never allowed to do anything spectacular or difficult. This is quite the reverse of the Spanish national company, lately in London, and also of our ballet tradition, where the men continue to accept a subsidiary position with docility. Not so the young men of Yugoslavia: their assured energy is a delight, while in their movements there is that muscular lightness that gives unself-conscious grace. The all-male dances are certainly the most interesting in the programme: mock fights, danced to a drum, or slow, balanced paces that develop to a great crescendo of strength are both strange and exciting. The shuffling feet and swirling gay skirts of the mixed ensembles are amusing to the eye, but I think best shown in their natural surroundings. A. F.

Company Meeting

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The 55th Annual General Meeting of Shareholders was held on May 27 in Johannesburg.

Mr. W. M. Frames, the Chairman, presided, and said: The average yield of the ore milled during 1951 was fractionally lower than that for the previous year, but as a result of a substantial increase in the additional income from sales of gold at enhanced prices, together with an improvement of 18,000 tons in the tonnage milled, working revenue rose by £181,686 to £4,839,681.

On the other hand, however, working costs increased by £162,624, due mainly to the higher cost of stores and materials and to further increases in wages and benefits granted to European employees. The working profit at £1,428,684 was in consequence only £19,062 higher than the figure for 1950.

For some time past the industry has been subjected to electric power restrictions. It is possible that if the present trend continues loss of tonnage will result and development footage will suffer.

The development accomplished during the year amounted to 79,921 feet, while the footage sampled was 42,230 feet. Certain blocks of ore were not completely developed at the year-end and have yet to be included in the ore reserves. The payable ore developed at 1,189,000 tons was lower by 923,000 tons, while the value was 0.1 dwt. higher at 4.1 dwt. per ton. As in recent years, most of the reef development was on the Main Reef in the lower levels to the west of 5A Shaft, where values were satisfactory. The growing importance of the Kimberley Reef is evidenced by the fact that at the end of the year more than 15 per cent. of the available ore reserve for the mine was on the Kimberley Reef, compared with 11 per cent. a year previously. In addition, this reef made a substantially higher contribution to the tonnage of ore milled, and in the absence of unforeseen events delaying the completion of surface arrangements for handling the ore from No. 8 Shaft, it is confidently expected that 20,000 tons per month will be milled from this source in the near future.

The report was adopted.

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Correspondence

THE JESUITS

SIR,—As one of the incriminated tribe I was much interested by Mr. Trevor-Roper's *causerie* on the Jesuits in your issue of May 17. I had long thought that the record of my brethren in Old Japan was not too bad, and I had been fortified in my opinion, not only by a goodly array of eminent European Japanologues, but by such distinguished native non-Christian Japanese scholars as Anesaki Masaharu, Kuda Shigetomo, Shimmura Izuru, Okuma Shigenobu and others. Now comes a tutor in history of Christchurch, Oxford, to shatter the illusions created in my mind by twenty years' study of the Jesuits' own letters and allied documents. His feat of iconoclasm is the more notable because he has performed it with the aid of a single book, Professor Boxer's *Christian Century in Japan*, which he fails to mention is on the whole very favourable to the Jesuits. From that learned and formidably expensive work he carefully selects the heads of his indictment, but omits all Professor Boxer's explanations and qualifications. He dismisses Ignatius Loyola as merely "a Spanish bigot," while bringing Francis Xavier to the fore for the confusion of his proud brethren. He does not say, because obviously he does not know, that Francis, "the canonised saint not of Rome only but of universal Christendom" (Sir James Stephen, elder brother of Leslie, in the *Edinburgh Review*, 1843), revered Ignatius more than any other person on earth, turned to him for advice in every emergency of his meteoric career, and declared that could his heart be seen men would find Ignacio incised on it.

As for the management of the new Order being "quickly transferred to more skilful Italian" hands, it is only necessary to remark that those hands were strictly bound, as are the hands of all Jesuit Superiors to-day, by the Constitutions emanating from the "Spanish bigot." Constitutions so plainly a work of spiritual genius that hundreds of thousands of men and women, entirely unconnected with the Jesuits, have chosen to live by them. In any case, the first completely non-Spanish General of the Jesuits did not come on the scene until sixty years after the "Spanish bigot" had gone to his grave. Next, Mr. Trevor-Roper informs his readers that a local Japanese princeling named Omura, who had become a Christian and was anxious for Portuguese trade, "handed over the great harbour and fortress of Nagasaki, with all its revenues, in perpetuity to the Jesuits." He does not say, obviously again because he did not know, that Nagasaki at the time, 1571, was not the sort of place which the Americans thought worthy of their second atomic bomb, but a miserable fishing village, consisting of a few hundred shacks and a total population of fifteen hundred. No hint is given that the Jesuits accepted the site primarily as a place of refuge for themselves and their Christians in times of persecution. Mr. Trevor-Roper links sarcastically with the transaction the Jesuit General, Aquaviva, Spanish by birth and upbringing, who was not elected until ten years after it took place.

Apart altogether from the abundance of new light which was shed on the story by Professor Josef Franz Schutte in the first volume of his huge work, *Valignanos Missions grundsätze fur Japan*, published a year ago, at the same time as Boxer's *Christian Century*, Mr. Trevor-Roper does not even stick fairly and squarely to the texts provided by Boxer, but beheads or curtails them to suit his curiously illiberal purposes. He makes Valignano appear to have been an ogre who complained because he could not order criminals to be executed when he wished. That is a mere travesty of the facts. The Jesuits turned down flatly the offer of criminal jurisdiction in their new fief, and what they complained of was the slackness of the local rulers in exercising it. Indeed, Valignano, a *doctor utriusque juris*, helped not a little to soften the asperities of the Japanese criminal code. Here are his very words for Mr. Trevor-Roper to meditate: "We immediately persuaded Omura to promulgate just laws for observance in this port [Nagasaki], mitigating the rigour of Japanese law and reducing it as well as could be done to a just form" (Schutte, *op. laud.*, p. 417). Very much more might be said on this matter but for exigencies of space. Mr. Trevor-Roper's reference to the Jesuits as "bullion brokers for ambitious Japanese lords" is, to put it mildly, disingenuous. The Jesuits derived no advantage whatever from the business, which they undertook purely to save their converts from persecution. The demands on their scanty funds were perennial and great, so that Professor Boxer is moved to exclaim: "Small wonder that the emissaries of Pombal found little beyond their breviaries on the Jesuits whom they so brutally seized in 1762." Mr. Trevor-Roper's comments on the dispute between the Jesuits and Franciscans in Japan are equally artful and equally erroneous, as I could prove with the greatest of ease, were I not limited for space.

Farm Street Church, London, W.1. JAMES BRODRICK, S.J.

CHESTER WILMOT'S WAR

SIR,—In his review of my book, *The Struggle for Europe* (*N.S. & N.*, May 10), Mr. Arthur Schlesinger distorts my thesis almost out of recognition and then proceeds to assail the distortion. Surely, no one who has read this book thoroughly could seriously interpret it as "expounding all along the necessity of preserving Germany and turning against Russia." I have made it clear throughout that the Western Allies were rightly united in their determination to destroy the Nazi regime and that Germany could not have been defeated without the massive effort of the Red Army. In criticising the demand for "Unconditional Surrender," I never suggested that it would have been either desirable or feasible to preserve Nazi Germany. It is a patent oversimplification of my thesis to represent it as an assertion that "the essential reason for the failure of the West lay in the fact that Roosevelt rather than Churchill dominated the strategy and diplomacy of the Allies." I tried to make it clear that Russia's political triumph was the outcome of many complex factors, political and military; and that many of the vital events and decisions lay beyond the control of the Western Allies.

At the outset Mr. Schlesinger credits me with the assertion that "Churchill was suspicious of Soviet intentions from the start [and] sought at every turn to resist Soviet pressures." This, of course, was not the case, nor do I pretend that it was. Churchill, like Roosevelt, made a sincere and prolonged attempt to win Stalin's confidence and co-operation, but (as I said on pp. 635-6) the Prime Minister "knew from long experience of European history that nations are less likely to succumb to the temptation of aggrandisement if their ambitions are restrained by a reasonable balance of power, and that such a balance could be preserved only by alliances and other 'special arrangements.' Churchill was by no means anti-Russian, but as early as October, 1942, he had set down the view that 'it would be a measureless disaster if Russian barbarism were to overlay the culture and independence of the ancient States of Europe.' . . . After Teheran, while continuing to work for Hitler's defeat and Stalin's friendship, he had become alive to the danger that the war would leave the Soviet Union in a position of overwhelming power which could be counter-balanced only by a strong British Empire, a firm Anglo-American alliance and a United States of Europe."

Mr. Schlesinger takes me to task because I do not give a specific date for the emergence of Churchill's concern about Soviet ambitions. In the nature of things, however, this was a gradual process and, because of the necessity of preserving the wartime alliance, Mr. Churchill could not give public voice to his concern. What he said in public about Russia represented his hopes, what he wrote in private represented his fears, and it is a nice question whether his hopes or his fears dominated his thinking on any particular issue or at any particular time. It is true, as Mr. Schlesinger says, that in May 1944 Churchill told the House of Commons: "Profound changes have taken place in Soviet Russia. The Trotskyite form of Communism has been completely wiped out." Three weeks earlier, however, in a private minute to the Foreign Secretary he had directed attention to what he called "the brute issue between us and the Soviet Government," namely—"Are we going to acquiesce in the Communisation of the Balkans?"

Churchill was clearly concerned about this and added "if our conclusion is that we resist the Communist infusion and invasion we should put it to them pretty plainly at the best moment that military events permit." Next day the Foreign Secretary initiated discussions with the Soviet Ambassador in London with the object of setting some agreed limit to Soviet expansion in the Balkans. If this marks the beginning of positive efforts on the Prime Minister's part to restrain Stalin, I am clearly wrong in having suggested (on page 130) that Churchill became alive to the Soviet danger "during 1943"; but it also indicates that the political issue was very much in Churchill's mind in the summer of 1944 when he and the British Chiefs of Staff proposed that the reserve power of the Mediterranean Command should be employed in Northern Italy and the Balkans and not in Southern France. This plan was vetoed by the President on the ground that since they had agreed at Teheran that the Western Allies would not undertake any large-scale operations in the Balkans, he could not change the plan "without Stalin's approval."

Mr. Schlesinger contends that I argued that "Churchill, because of his desire to check Soviet expansion, held back on a direct frontal attack in France." No such assertion is made anywhere in the book. On the contrary, I explain at length the military reasons why the British Chiefs of Staff believed that the Mediterranean campaign was the necessary prelude to the cross-Channel assault. There is no suggestion whatever that "the second front in France was a mistake" or that the great Anglo-American offensive should have been made in the Balkans.

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The issue in the discussions of the Combined Chiefs of Staff was not between Normandy and the Balkans but between the Mediterranean and the Pacific; and within the Mediterranean Theatre in 1944 it was a question of the Balkans or Southern France.

In support of his assertion that I have given, "the consistent impression that Churchill knew the score on the U.S.S.R. from the word go," Mr. Schlesinger charges me with "never mentioning" the fact that in 1942 "Churchill brought great pressure to bear on Roosevelt" when Stalin demanded Anglo-American recognition of Russia's claims to Esthonia, Latvia and Lithuania. "All this," says Mr. Schlesinger, "is clearly on the record and clearly relevant to Mr. Wilmot's thesis." I agree, and it is all clearly set out on page 710, where I quote the telegram in which Churchill said to Roosevelt: "The increasing gravity of the war has led me to feel that the principles of the Atlantic Charter ought not to be construed so as to deny Russia the frontiers she occupied when Germany attacked her."

Similarly, with regard to Poland Mr. Schlesinger writes as if I had endeavoured to hide the fact that "Churchill vigorously backed Soviet territorial claims in Poland." Yet Churchill's support for the Curzon Line and his efforts to persuade the London Poles to accept this Line are recounted in some detail in Chapter XXXII. There is no basis, however, for Mr. Schlesinger's assertion that at Yalta Churchill was guilty of "pledging support for the Oder-Neisse Line even if the United States would not go along." On the contrary, the then Secretary of State (Edward Stettinius) in his account of the Yalta Conference (**entitled** *Roosevelt and the Russians*) records Churchill's persistent refusal to accept the Oder-Neisse Line.

Mr. Schlesinger declares, "Roosevelt refused at every step to support Churchill on Poland"—the implication being that the Prime Minister was busy betraying the Poles. But surely it was Roosevelt's refusal to take a stand either way in 1943-44 which encouraged the London Poles to be intransigent and the Russians to drive home their demands. At Teheran, when the President expressly refrained from joining in the discussions about Poland, he lost the opportunity of making clear his determination to uphold that country's independence.

When the future of Poland was discussed at Yalta the President endeavoured to play the role of mediator, but he compromised his own independence by writing to Stalin: "I am determined there shall be no breach between ourselves and the Soviet Union." With that statement he admitted that, if Stalin made an issue of Poland, the United States would give way. The President's position was further compromised at Yalta when—in order to secure Soviet participation in the war against Japan—he made an agreement about Manchuria which clearly derogated from the sovereignty of China without her consent. Having done this he was not well placed to defend the sovereignty of Poland, and on the crucial point—the British demand that the Polish elections should be supervised by the Ambassadors of the three Great Powers—the President yielded when Stalin objected.

It is true that after Yalta Churchill reported to the House of Commons his conviction that "Stalin and the other Soviet leaders wish to live in honourable friendship and equality with the Western Democracies." I have quoted that speech (though Mr. Schlesinger does not appear to have noticed this), but it is not true that "Churchill made no concrete proposals of any kind for Anglo-American action to restrain Russia until his cable to Truman of April 17, 1945," i.e., until after President Roosevelt's death, and that he then merely proposed that "the Western Armies stay put until certain issues with the U.S.S.R. were settled." It is clearly recorded by General Eisenhower that at the end of March, as soon as the Allied Armies had broken out from their bridgeheads over the Rhine, Churchill proposed that they should drive hard for Berlin and establish a bargaining position from which to insist that the Soviet Union should carry out the agreements it had made at Yalta. This plan was countered by General Marshall's insistence, which Roosevelt endorsed, that "the single objective should be quick and complete victory." It is generally conceded in the United States to-day that in taking this stand Roosevelt and Marshall were wrong. In his memoirs General Bradley admits: "We were less concerned with post-war political alignments than the destruction of what remained of the German Army. . . . As soldiers we looked naively on this British inclination to complicate the war with political foresight and non-military objectives."

In the years immediately following the war, Americans of Mr. Schlesinger's persuasion were active in condemning Churchill because, so they said, he had tried to involve the United States in Balkan adventures for sinister political purposes. During this period it was the fashion to commend the United States for concentrating on military victory without regard for the political consequences. To-day, when it is clear that the democratic cause would have been advanced if Anglo-American forces had entered the Balkans or had driven on from Northern Italy into the Danube Valley, the argument has changed. Mr. Schlesinger and others are busy explaining that even in 1944 the Prime Minister was not actuated by political foresight. This change of ground is understandable in those who are determined to defend American policy at all costs, but it does not serve the cause of historical understanding.

Savile Club, W.1. CHESTER WILMOT

NAPALM

SIR,—Mr. Otway McCannell's amusing and astonishingly out-of-date letter was also very interesting. It is full of the emotive words and phrases that betray emotional good intent and intellectual confusion. The Church's "evasion of all moral issues . . . persistent siding with power, however corrupt . . . a national conscience-soother . . . appeals to end the barbarities of war are ignored, especially by the elect . . . super-menace of a Tory regime—buttressed by the Church . . . something must be done . . . (!) the most shocking and terrifying fact . . . the responsibility of being involved in bringing devastation and agony to millions. . . ."

I regret that when this appears I shall be in the United States, for Mr. McCannell is so obviously ill-informed about what the Churches are doing or saying that I should have been happy to put him in touch with the sources. His trouble is a common one to-day, and, in view of the rejection of a religious view of life, a rather pathetic one. Perfectionism is no longer a *religious* illusion. It is the illusion of so many of those who reject the religious view of man and, tossing out "all that nonsense about Original Sin," *expect* the world to be "run right" for the asking. When it refuses to go right easily, they write letters like Mr. McCannell's, full of sound and fury but no context.

But some of us, leaving aside Mr. McCannell's breast beating, do get a bit browned off by people like him who sound off at the slightest provocation without having any idea of, or any wish to be informed about, the temper or emphasis of the Christian community. Nor is there anything surprising, as an earlier correspondent, Kenneth Rawlings, seems to think, about a Christian paper saying what it thinks. Several of them do it every week.

British Weekly. SHAUN HERON

NOTHING BUT TALK

SIR,—Last week you published a criticism of a play which Mr. J. B. Priestley and I wrote together—the play called *Dragon's Mouth* now running at the Winter Garden. Your critic, Mr. Cuthbert Worsley, condemned the character of Stuart as a representative of the man of intellect, saying that he appeared rather to be a caricature of a Pateresque art lover.

He was rash enough to add "The art lover is a figure which always sets Mr. Priestley's bile flowing, and his collaborator has not been able to prevent him from exercising his malice on this character at the expense, I felt, of his design."

I ought to be grateful to Mr. Worsley for assuming that I must have tried to restrain my collaborator from doing something of which he, Mr. Worsley, disapproves. But malice and bile are unpleasant words; they oblige me at once to confess that the character of Stuart was entirely my conception, and that I wrote about three-quarters of his lines.

It is surprising that your critic was not able to distinguish Mr. Priestley's work from mine; most members of our audiences, we find, are quickly sensitive to the difference between them.

This confession catches Mr. Worsley on a wrong scent. I deliberately made of Stuart what many people have accepted as a sympathetic portrait of a man living by intellectual exercise, rather than an ideal specimen of a man of powerful intellect. There is a reason for this—there really is. It is the same reason why we have allowed none of the four characters, except Nina the sensationist, to represent the perfection of a type in its most powerful form. It underlies the psychological design of the play, it is made conspicuous during the course of the second act, and gives its meaning to the closing scene.

39 Fitzroy Road, N.W.1. JACQUETTA HAWKES

NICÓLAS NABOKOV

SIR,—Your Paris correspondent describes me as "a White Russian who is head of the Russian services of the Voice of America." Since 1939 I have been an American citizen, and hence to call me a "White Russian" is gratuitously misleading. I have no connection whatsoever with the Voice of America nor with any other U.S. Government agency. I was on the staff of the Voice of America for a period of eight months in 1947. I resigned in October, 1947, to become professor of composition at the Peabody Conservatory of Music in Baltimore.

NICOLAS NABOKOV,
Secretary-General
Congress for Cultural Freedom.

CORRECTION

SIR,—May I correct a misprint of some importance in my article of last week? I wrote that the three most important African Ministers "make no secret of being aware of their weakness on the economic side." My next sentence is misprinted to read: "Not that they are thinking of ways and means to rectify it." What I wrote, in fact, was: "*Nor* that they are thinking, etc. . . ." This difference is small in form—the mere alteration of one letter—but large in content. BASIL DAVIDSON

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S. FINKELSTEIN

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LAWRENCE & WISHART

Books in General

THE western Indian Ocean is now one of the empty seas of the world. Once the old sea route to India, busy with the traffic of the East India Company in the days of sail and before the Suez Canal was opened, this ocean was the classic scene of the sea literature of our childhood. The meteorology was baffling. There we first met the south-east trades, and the doldrums which becalmed, or started the cyclones spinning, bashing up Mauritius and the coconut islands, until they spent themselves in the Southern Ocean. The north-west monsoon followed; and while we puzzled out the tropical climate, the privateers of the French wars turned up and the corsairs fell on the East Indiamen. What a capital of European memory fades among that long string of islands which are the peaks of some sunken archipelago, where now no liners call. The hungry wretches of India have transformed these places. To-day Mauritius is unable to support its huge population on the sugar trade, and only a few schooners sail from island to island to pick up the copra. The crews are coloured and French-speaking after a fashion. "Mes enfants! Allez monter," they shout as they haul up the sails. And "Guettez-ça," as they see the mullet jump. The Virgin Mary herself says "Guettez-ça" in their folk tales. Peculiar captains, Dutch, English and French, straight out of the copra section of English fiction, brusquely command their brilliant but utterly feckless crews; violent food, usually some hot mixture of rice, fish and chili is eaten aboard, and the few packed-in passengers who groan and curl up on their stifling bunks, apathetically watch the giant cockroaches crawl across their chests at night.

Mauritius and the Seychelles are hungry places; but so is India that overflows on to them; so is Europe that is looking for new fishing grounds. The fish in the sea are ravening, too—in the book* from which I take my information the author opened up more than 30,000 fish in the course of research and was astonished at the number which had no food at all in their stomachs. Hunger rules our world and the shadow of Malthus falls upon the land and the water. We remember Mr. Ommaney's earlier book, *South Latitude*, with its account of the Antarctic fisheries. The present book describes a new piece of research into the prospects of supplementing the declining hauls of the fishing banks of Europe and Newfoundland. For in the western Indian ocean there seem to be promising conditions: there are thousands of square miles of shallow water. Above the sunken tableland that may have once joined India to Madagascar, there are places where the water is under 40 fathoms deep. Here Mr. Ommaney went for two years to study the methods of fishing, to find out whether the fish he caught were breeding on the banks or were migratory, to discover the proportion of young fish to old ones, to estimate how intensively they might be fished, and so on. And while he was about this he had an opportunity of considering the human beings crowded on the melancholy islands. The fishermen he liked; for the rest he felt pity crossed with anger and despair. He was too energetic and political, too much the contemporary reforming Englishman to feel otherwise.

At first sight the islands are the traditional earthly paradise. A polished sea beats under the palatial clouds of the tropics, upon the coral of the lagoons; beyond these are the blinding seams of white-sanded shore, and the mad, sad, whiskered parades of the coconut palm. In this mild climate the old live on and on, and those Europeans who come here to die find death too long delayed. On some small atoll the white copra agent lives alone with his family and does not complain of loneliness, nor go out of his mind. He sleeps. To sleep and sleep: that is the final answer to the search for happiness, to lapse into the sweet drowse of apathy. This bliss is not so easily attained on the larger islands, but in the Seychelles, old gentlemen retired from English administrations abroad, manage to keep peacefully alive at the price of a little fulmination about "things at home" and occasional food poisoning. Their coloured mistresses incline to counter the effects of whisky by reviving their lovers with love potions. But the large places have gone bad. The French and mixed Negro population is Roman Catholic: better hunger, misery, disease, the gamble with the divine spermatozoa, than control of the population. It is impossible for an island like Mauritius, which is the size of Surrey, to support a population of half a million people, except on the lowest level of human subsistence; and the Indians have brought with them the diseases of Asia.

As one would expect the small British administrative class and the much larger populations of French descent are divided on lines that caricature their life at home. The islands were taken over by the British with more courtesy than fighting during the Napoleonic wars, and the French administration was very little interfered with, except that the abolition of slavery was enforced. This made us unpopular for ever with the French colonists whose minds were fixed, in any case, in the pre-Revolutionary days. They have inherited (Mr. Ommaney says) the mentality of masters in a slave state. They have preferred the elaborate manners of earlier times. Cut off from their roots in France, they have become narrow and illiberal and (unlike the French in modern colonies) they are severe on the subject of the colour bar. They were, for example, horrified a few years ago when an Acting British Governor danced with coloured women at an official reception; they hate the political and educational reforms which the British have been trying out since the war, and regard the visits of English "experts" with cynicism and derision. The Anglo-Saxon is, of course, hardened to this. As Roman Catholics of the conservative kind, the French are not intolerant of English Protestantism, but regard its optimism and mildness and lack of pomp or passion with contempt. Yet if the French hide themselves behind the shutters of a provincial life which recalls the grim glimpses one has had in all the French novelists from Balzac to Mauriac, they have adapted themselves more sensibly than the British to the circumstances of the tropics. French culture is strong in Curepipe, the hill town of Mauritius. There are literary reviews; there are poets. Mr. Ommaney says the poor inhabitants of the islands prefer the English to the French because the English are easier to cheat; we are known also as the peculiar people who like tasteless food. But when the drums beat in the evenings under the trees, the songs sung there are not about *either* of the master nations and their stern follies. Rather, they sing of topical heroes like those Askaris who landed off a troopship in the war, became legends in the brothels and left behind them a fabulous quantity of lice. Like some deceptively titled hymn, this calypso is called Caledonia—after the ship.

There are many amusing notes of anthropological interest in the book. Mixed blood is indignantly denied among those of European descent: the well-known device of the Spanish grandmother is used. The "white" office workers who came down by train every day from the drizzle of Curepipe to the port of Mauritius have a special shame about carrying things in their hands. Nothing may be carried. A "boy" must carry their brief case, even their newspaper and they are met at the terminus by other "boys." There is also a very general shame on the island about eating. I am not sure whether this extends to the transient English official population, but in all others, the people become embarrassed if they are seen putting food in their mouths. The poor hide, go into corners, sit with their backs, crouching from the sight of the passers-by; in offices there is an eating room in which the clerks go furtively one at a time. When he was caught eating a sandwich in a car, Mr. Ommaney was at once delicately but pointedly offered a "room" in which the obscene practice could be carried out. This embarrassment is said to date from the time when curry was eaten with the fingers and people sought to hide the inelegance. The reflex remains.

The Shoals of Capricorn is a well-written and informative book. It has not the sensibility and feeling for place of Mr. Michael Malim's *Island of the Swan*, indeed, Mr. Ommaney on land is a brusque, testy and indignant writer. The fantasy of the architecture strikes him as folly in an island subject to frightful cyclones; others might see elegance and nostalgia where he sees stupidity. But he is observant and though his pursuits were scientific, he is neither wooden, hearty nor conventional. He did not care for the rival European colonies because they reminded him of the tea-party in *A Passage to India* and the theory of "the bad heart"; if he sounds rather too right here, it is because he likes action and is not very sociable. Once he is at sea he is excellent.

One remembers things like his first sight of mullet fishing, the cries of the beaters as the long circling wall of net closes, the leap of these strong fish which are caught by the ceiling of the canard mesh. The history of fishing is the history of cunning. And then there are the glimpses into the underwater world, into the clear water that sways above the brown coral where the flotillas of small fish dart, then con-

* *The Shoals of Capricorn*. By F. D. OMMANEY. *Longmans*. 21s

dense and close together by the instantaneous signal of instinct before some enemy and, pausing, fly fanning out forward once more. The dolphin lies, with his "sail" fallen, on the deck; the rock cod with their batteries of teeth come up with their stomachs protruding through their mouths and their eyes pushed out like knobs because of the change of water pressure on the journey to the surface. Such snouts, such spines, such teeth, such preying! And above it all, the booby bird—*le fou*—like a gannet, is ready to dive for them, and above the booby the frigate bird hovering to rob the booby of its catch. At Aldabra, a tiny island, there were the turtles engaged in the sad and earnest comedy of their copulation, their egg burying and their glutinous tears. And here were the tortoises, too, hundreds of them, sleeping under the trees or stretching their stringy necks and staring with disapprobation like elderly gentlemen in a club; and, in love, giving out their invalid cough. Club after club of tortoises existed on this island and there was also a Golgotha—a place of bleached carapaces, plastrons and skulls. Mr. Ommaney's zest rises as he goes to these remoter islands; we feel the small boat leap the combers and fly into the lagoon, the suck of the tides, we hear the laughter of the Negroes as the tide does their work for them. We see the blue parrot fish flash. It is an enchantment of the right kind, the enchantment of energy and strangeness, a vicarious adventure in which Coral Island is at last real, where the ride on the turtle "comes off," where the sharks are caught by the dozen and the frightful barracuda safely hooked. Afterwards, one reflects on the names: Wahoo, vara-vara—notoriously tasteless; shark, the pleasure of Africans; bonito, snapper. Is this the diet of the future when Iceland and Newfoundland run out?

V. S. PRITCHETT.

CLINICAL REPORT

The early stages were quite commonplace.
It was, in fact, the mixture as before;
Just that they loved and that he fell from grace,

And found himself outside a bolted door.
It was not difficult to diagnose
His state, nor guess the anguish that he bore.

But these things last, as everybody knows,
And soon the case departed from the norm;
Unusual developments arose.

His pain at first took the expected form,
We thought his balance sure to be preserved;
He was no Lear to wander in the storm,

And cases more acute have been observed.
But symptoms then arose which gave concern:
He seemed to think his punishment deserved,

And when the season caused it to return,
Rejected pity, asked for no relief,
When balm was offered, said he chose to burn,

Because (these were his words) "she left me grief
And nothing else; so be it; this is mine.
Who takes it from me shall be called a thief."

So, living in a world of strange design,
He finds in pain his true magnetic pole;
And we conclude from such a morbid sign

That this disease has passed from our control.

JOHN WAIN

THE WORLD OF ARNOLD TOYNBEE

The World in March 1939. Edited by ARNOLD TOYNBEE and FRANK ASHTON-GWATKIN. *Oxford.* 45*s.*

The World in March 1939 is one of those books which it would be much pleasanter to review unread. How obvious it seems to anyone who merely glances through this handsomely produced volume that it should be greeted with respectful acclaim as yet another contribution to that library of detached historical research for which the Royal Institute of International Affairs is responsible. Obvious—until the reviewer has waded through the 500 pages of text and compared them with the Plan of the Book on page vii. Professor Toynbee tells us that his aim is "to sketch the broad outlines and salient features of the international landscape that presented itself in March 1939 to the alert eyes of the aggressor Powers." Part I, which forms two-thirds of the book, he then explains,

> is subdivided on geographical lines drawn from the standpoint of the aggressor Powers. . . . Within each of these subdivisions, the countries, or groups of countries, in danger of being attacked are surveyed in an ascending order of their peril—starting with those at the outer limits of the regional aggressor's range of action, going on to those that found themselves within point-blank range of his batteries (psychological, diplomatic, and military), and concluding, in either subdivision, with a picture of the aggressor Power itself.

The political survey is followed, in Part II, by an economic survey, which is not subdivided on geographical lines, but "focused on the Great Powers . . . since this method seems capable of giving a clearer and more stereoscopic view than would a single reconnaissance, political and economic, country by country."

When I read this Plan, I was suitably impressed. The idea of recreating a picture of the world as it appeared to Hitler and Mussolini at the height of their success is a fascinating one, which would have been well worth carrying out as a prelude to the six-volume history of World War II that Chatham House has undertaken. But, despite the elaborate foreword, it is not even attempted in this book. Careful reading, indeed, has convinced me that Professor Toynbee's Plan of the Book is one of those solemn pieces of architectonic with which he so often gives an appearance of order and system to disorganised reality. What he has actually done is to throw together a collection of essays of such varying scale, outlook and merit that any substantial unity of purpose or treatment is out of the question. None of his contributors makes any continuous attempt to see the situation as it appeared "to the alert eyes of the aggressor Powers," in 1939. On the contrary, the events of that year are examined with the hindsight of the 1950s. The one exception is Mr. Hillman, who has been made solely responsible for the economic survey which forms Part II. His solid but brilliantly readable analysis of the relative strength of the seven Great Powers—their recovery from World War I, their varying fortunes in the great slump and their progress towards rearmament—does contain the information with which Hitler's economic advisers should have sought to dissuade him from risking general war. This essay, along with its appendices, forms the most valuable section of this oddly assorted volume.

What makes Part I, the political survey, so disjointed is the bizarre way that Professor Toynbee has allocated space between his team of authors. He himself deals with the U.S.A., the Commonwealth, China and Japan in just 45 pages; Mr. D. R. Gillie reflects on France as competently as any man can in 22 pages; Mr. Kirk crawls like an academic crab across the whole Middle East in 14; while Miss Duff handles Italian Fascism, including a study of Mussolini and of Italian foreign policy in 18. Finally, Mr. Crankshaw is given 19 pages in which to describe the Soviet Union and Communism. Professor Toynbee's contributors are far too expert publicists to do badly, but they can hardly add much to our knowledge when they are working within such confined limits. The restrictions placed on them are all the more extraordinary when we observe that no fewer than 100 pages are given to Mr. Martin Wight for a chapter on Eastern Europe, and another 60 for some reflections on National Socialism, the Balance of Power and Spain.

The only explanation which I can think of is that the other contributions are intended as preliminaries before Professor Toynbee's main exhibit. Mr. Wight is a thoroughbred Student of Europe—out of Toynbee by Voigt and trained by Mr. Sebastian Haffner. He is one of our younger generation of theological realists. In reaction against Liberalism and Marxism, with their stress on economic facts and their belief in the enlargement of human freedom, he sees history as the struggle of cultures rather than classes; assumes myth to be the motive force of revolution; and regards demonic totalitarianism as the normal political expression of popular emancipation. This distaste for rationalism enables him to make a number of extremely acute observations about National Socialism. But it also leads him into a modish over-estimate of Hitler. The Fuehrer, he tells us, must be regarded "as the greatest European figure not since Bismarck but since Napoleon." Again, *Mein Kampf* "was perhaps the representative political book of the twentieth century," and Hitler's dicta on power politics are "as penetrating and enduring as Machiavelli's." Reading page after page of panegyric on Hitler's intuition and political sagacity, I found it difficult to remember that he lost the war and that it was the despised Liberal and Marxist nations who turned out the victors.

Even more striking than Mr. Wight's cult of Hitler is his crude identification of Nazism and Communism. They are "gradations in a single phenomenon of militant national Bolshevism." Lenin is "a Robespierre whose Bonaparte was distributed between two figures, Hitler, the transient, demonic destroyer, and Stalin, the patient, despotic consolidator." And finally, to remove any shadow of doubt about Mr. Wight's meaning, "Hitler's policy differed from that of Bolshevism only in being too little sophisticated to justify inconsistencies and tergiversations by a theory of dialectics." The only attempt to justify this identification is the assertion that Hitler's techniques for the seizure of power were modelled upon those of the Bolsheviks. In fact, as Mr. Wight admits elsewhere, Nazism was a revolt of the *déclassés*, and nothing could be more different from the proletarian revolution of 1917 than the *Staatstreich* of 1933, the seizure of the State from inside, with the consent of the Army and the Civil Service. Moreover, Mr. Wight's theory is contradicted by almost everything which Mr. Crankshaw and Mr. Hillman have to say about the Nazi and Soviet economies, as well as by Professor Toynbee's own conclusions on the character of Chinese Communism.

Why have not these obvious contradictions disturbed Professor Toynbee? Perhaps because he himself personifies the clash between Mr. Wight's *Weltanschauung* and the Anglo-Saxon humanity of the other contributors. Toynbee began life an ardent rationalist and Wilsonian democrat. His intellectual and emotional development from an over-simple faith to an oecumenical despair typifies the mental crisis of his generation. But although he has lost the faith required for creative democratic action, he has not altogether disowned his past. Illogically, but very likeably, he still combines a little of the Liberalism of his youth with his latter-day myth-making, and blends the style and manner of an English historian with the apparatus of German pseudo-scholarship. We all share his disillusionment with Progress; his suspicion that the Anglo-Saxon democracies have been prematurely humanised; and his fear that "self-co-opting, single-party oligarchy" has become the typical regime of a nation undergoing westernisation. Professor Toynbee doubtless admires Mr. Wight, yet he obviously feels that his cult of the irrational should be counter-balanced (and, for the few who read carefully, discredited) by the cool economic analysis of Mr. Hillman. What *The World in March 1939* loses in consistency it thereby gains in truth.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

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ARISTARCHUS GRADE A

The Triple Thinkers. By EDMUND WILSON. *Lehmann.* 15s.

The Open Night. By JOHN LEHMANN. *Longmans.* 15s.

Dedicating *Axel's Castle* to Christian Gauss, more than twenty years ago, Mr. Edmund Wilson declared:

> It was principally from you that I acquired then my idea of what literary criticism ought to be—a history of man's ideas and imaginings in the setting of the conditions which have shaped them.

Mr. Wilson's latest volume, consisting of eight old but little-known essays and three new ones, proves that his approach has not altered: that if anything, time has only reinforced his convictions. Mr. Wilson is probably the greatest "naturalistic" critic writing to-day. He has passion, judgment and a great width of reading in several literatures. He possesses an easy forceful style, always readable, yet capable, as in his greatest work, *To the Finland Station*, of becoming a Niagara of eloquence. Trammelled by alien loyalties—to psychology, the social sciences and so on—he seems to take a grim pride in his fetters. Yet at heart he is a humanist: he writes in the grand central tradition of Sainte-Beuve, though he lacks the great Frenchman's *ondoyance*, and critical good manners. Sainte-Beuve effaced his own personality in the *Causeries*, using his style as a crystal fluid in which to preserve the spirits of the men and women he described. Where Mr. Wilson's technique fails him, it is generally because of his tendency to re-create writers in the shapes of his own powerful imagination. He has little of the normal critic's equipment; the arts of nuance, concealment and implication are unknown to him. In all his work, honesty and immodesty are inextricably intermingled.

Mr. Wilson's literary appetite—varied, insatiable and discerning—enables him to appreciate the virtues of other methods; that of Saintsbury, the taster of genius "with a palate as fine as could be," or of Eliot, who "sees, or tries to see, the whole of literature, so far as he is concerned with it, spread out before him under the aspect of eternity." Yet he remains faithful to his own method.

> There was thus [he writes] a certain element of imposture in Taine; but it was the rabbits he pulled out that saved him. If he had really been the mechanist that he thought he was, his work on literature would have had little value. The truth was that Taine loved literature for its own sake—he was at his best himself a brilliant artist—and he had very strong moral convictions which give his writing emotional power.

It is Mr. Wilson himself, at a far less subtle remove. The writer pulls a good many rabbits out of the hat in this book. Take his essay on Housman, for instance, in which he relates the poetry to the Latin scholarship:

> So without even an emendation, and simply by indicating a new relation between three words of Virgil's, he was able to save Virgil's style in a phrase—*fallax herba veneni* . . . substituting for "the deceitful plant of poison" "the plant that dissembles its venom." ("*And bear from hill and valley The daffodil away That dies on Easter Day.*")

Sometimes, as in the brilliant but wayward essay on Ben Jonson in this book, the rabbits fail to appear. Mr. Wilson is a preacher rather than a moralist. At times he resembles Bossuet more than Sainte-Beuve; the *causerie* turns into an *oraison funèbre*. There is something of the seventeenth-century chaplain ("Shall I exhibit a soul to the Court?") about his essay on Shaw. Shaw the thinker, Mr. Wilson proves, in an acute and devastating analysis, is a complicated fraud. Shaw the dramatist is a great artist. The hour-glass turns. The preacher has reached his second division. From sin we pass easily to redemption.

For personal and historical reasons—one sometimes wishes the Wilsonian psycho-social critique could be applied to Mr. Wilson's own prejudices—his least gracious face is turned towards English letters. This vitiates much of what he writes about Henry James. And yet at home, among his own people, he is as urbane as any Bloomsbury mandarin. "Mr. Moore and the Mithraic Bull" sounds an almost Beerbohmian note—the Max of "No. 11, The Pines"—and the essay on John Jay Chapman is a masterly vignette. Chapman, last of the Boston humanists, the man who thrust his hand in a coal fire after striking a fellow guest at a party, is a salty idealist after Mr. Wilson's own heart. His verdict on Theodore Roosevelt—"His genius was to flash a light, put someone down a well, raise a howl to Heaven about honesty, and move on to the next thing"—might be one of the critic's own indictments.

In *Classics and Commercials* Wilson gave us wonderful flashes of insight, but the *New Yorker* medium made him seem often trite and glossy. In these essays he is at the height of his powers. The study of Flaubert as politician, with its fine analysis of *L'Education sentimentale*—alien loyalties again: of course, he prefers it to Botany—the fine introduction to Pushkin, the analysis of Shaw, the essay on the decline of verse—these are all superb. Mr. Wilson has his blind spots and he is too honest—and presumptuous—to conceal them. "To one," he writes, "who, like the present writer, is fundamentally unsympathetic to all modern manifestations of religion, ..." It is a confession that his great master, with his watching brief for the variety of human experience, would have trembled to hear. Perhaps the only critical quality Mr. Wilson lacks is a sense of reverence.

It is a quality of which Mr. Lehmann has an abundant supply. His new book of essays—on Yeats, Rilke, Virginia Woolf, Edward Thomas, *The Rover*, *The Aspern Papers* and other subjects—is couched in a mood of serene literary piety. Tranquil, genial, a shade pompous in a pleasingly self-conscious middle-aged way, they are the musings of a sensitive and civilised reader. They tell us little that we didn't already know about their subjects, nor can we quarrel with this, since it was clearly not part of the writer's intention. His book is, as he says "the exposition of an attitude towards literature and life, shaped by the nature of the world we live in and the late hour to which the hands of history point." Mr. Wilson throws up the earth round Parnassus like a terrier at a bone. Mr. Lehmann is content to contemplate it with the calm certainty of a Quaker waiting on the Inner Light. JOHN RAYMOND

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER

A Young Man's Passage. By MARK TELLAR. *Home & Van Thal.* 18s.

When I was a Child. By EDWARD HULTON. *Cresset Press.* 18s.

Madeleine Grown Up. By MRS. ROBERT HENREY. *Dent.* 15s.

Real People. By SHEILA WINGFIELD. *Cresset Press.* 18s.

Self and the rosy past appear to be increasingly attractive to the writer. Autobiographies flood the presses but it is simply not enough nowadays to be able to remember the horse buses, the old Gaiety and the musical jingle of the hansom cab; we know all about them. Are authors ever deterred by the stunningly brilliant autobiographical 1st XI of the last forty years, with Sassoon and Benson (E.F.) to open the batting, Sir Osbert a tower of strength at number four, Lord Berners buckling on his pads and Maurice Baring waiting in the pavilion? Not a bit: on they come.

Click go the bails: poor Mr. Tellar is out first ball. After some uneasy years at Charterhouse in the Eighties, he arrives at Balliol, and the reader at chapter four, ominously labelled Eros. Off we then go on an amatory steeplechase, with some of the fences on the low side. There is a draper's assistant and Clara Brinton ("I called her 'my Amazon'") from the greengrocery. The Empire Promenade yields Bessie Heywood ("Proud I felt to be her man as we entered the Criterion") and down the Burlington Arcade strolls Lucy Brown, with her apartment in Albany Street and her bottle of port on the sideboard for refreshing the gentlemen. At Oxford there is Kitty Vincent ("I let my eyes take my fill of her") who is not averse to a hayrick ("Shall we sit down here?"). Then London again, and

Molly O'Brien, with her tea-gown and "tastefully furnished little place" near South Kensington Station.

Marriage with Elsie Levis is not a success, conjugal delights comparing poorly with the pretty ways of her more experienced sisters; besides, Elsie had a trying habit of keeping the ashes of a dead child in a casket under her pillow. However, Clara Brinton pops up again, now employed on the Water Chute at the Earls Court Exhibition, and there is the parlourmaid, Gwynne Jones ("Thin wispy hair, and legs rather too short for her torso"), who is kissed on the Great Wheel and taken advantage of ("Class be damned!") before breakfast. After Adeline Barton, and somebody sheltered by initials, Elsie tumbles to her inexhaustible spouse's infidelities ("What on earth have you been up to?") and Mr. Tellar takes his bicycle from the hall and pedals off to Bayswater. One hardly knows what effect he was aiming at in this tedious and tasteless book. Did he hope to shock us? Are we intended to give an admiring "Whew!" at these successful amorous junketings?

An engaging frontispiece to *When I was a Child* reveals Mr. Hulton at the age of seven and looking already astonishingly purposeful. The book covers the years from his birth (1906) to his arrival at Harrow in one of the family Rolls-Royces and with six sepia photographs of works of Michelangelo in his luggage; these, when displayed, did not make for popularity. The great charm of these recollections is that they have the freshness, the genuineness and the gusto of a boy of fourteen; they might well have been scribbled in a note-book during that first testing term on The Hill.

He gives a taking picture of a delightful mother, and an amused and understanding one of a famous and slightly less delightful father, who kept a pad beside him at meal times on which to jot down complaints about the food. There was a distant place called The Office to which this brooding presence betook himself and where he propelled his affairs "by a series of explosions, like an internal combustion engine." His wife thought he looked like a Red Indian Chief and called him "Big Chief Rain in the Face." He was close-fisted, uneasy with his son, addicted to croquet, Alfred Noyes and mezzotints. If a clock was observed not to be giving the right time, his vigorous custom was to smash its face in with his stick.

> What a pity it was, I always thought, that although other men who came to our house were so jolly, my father was so very seldom jolly . . . What a pity I couldn't have a father as jolly as these other gentlemen.

Mr. Hulton has written an extremely pleasurable book, full of bitter-sweet nostalgia for the middle-aged with its parasols in Boulter's Lock, De Dion Boutons, *migraines*, high boned collars, the Penny Bazaar in the Edgware Road, knuts, governesses in kid gloves, and the days when a householder, enraged by the toughness of his Sunday joint, might burst in on the butcher and bang the offending haunch on his head. Quite a lot now prevents such a spirited show of dissatisfaction.

Madeleine Grown Up is a successor to *The Little Madeleine* with the subject, in 1928, occupying with her dress-making mother a single room in Soho and working as a manicurist at the Savoy Hotel. She falls in love (this unsettling state is brilliantly dealt with), falls ill, recovers in the Pyrenees, and marries. The London scenes are well done, though her affection for the capital, human beings, and life in general, gives her at times too heavy a hand with the saccharine. The trouble with these reminiscences is, paradoxically, the excellence of the authoress's memory. Heavens, how Mrs. Robert Henrey remembers! There are over three hundred packed pages for only two years of life, with endless conversations recounted, detailed movements given day by day, descriptions of clothes worn and meals eaten. Is this distinguished writer now spreading her jam a trifle thinly? There is a relentless quality in the fluent and easy prose,

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The Struggle for Europe

by CHESTER WILMOT. Three weeks ago the *New Statesman* chose to reprint what has been (with one exception) the only adverse review of this book to appear in the American Press. Mr. Wilmot's reply appears in this week's issue. To judge between the two you MUST yourself read the book. *25s.*

COLLINS

as though one were being splashed on the head by drop after drop of clear, cold water (said to be an Eastern torture which unhinges the mind, but I mean nothing so violent or disrespectful).

The best for the last. *Real People*, by Sheila Wingfield, is pleasure all the way, an enchanting book. A quotation to whet the appetite; it concerns her school days:

> There was the fielding practice before breakfast when a stout, retired county cricketer sent appalling catches into the upper air. There were prayers in the school hall, with the French mistresses arriving late and pouting or scowling as they wriggled into place on the wings of the platform . . . and the smell of warmed cane as we pressed our noses to our chair-seats for the Lord's Prayer.
>
> There was the choral master . . . so eager that we should produce a colourless humming noise in the op of our noses as we sang. When we achieved this e would call out happily:
> "Cathedral tone, my dear girls, cathedral tone!"

Miss Wingfield takes us into Irish villages, to Bermuda, Palestine, Africa, New York; we attend a comical interview with a publisher, she can even make a fox hunt exciting and interesting to a non-enthusiast. "People in the main are all too fluent," she says in her section on Talkers, and one of the strengths of *Real People* is the ruthless selection of the authoress as she rummages gaily through her bursting treasure-box. The result is a most rewarding book, full of humour, warmth and variety, to which John Betjeman contributes a Foreword.

ARTHUR MARSHALL

NEW NOVELS

Chosen Country. By JOHN DOS PASSOS. *Lehmann.* 15*s.*

Tussles with Time. By JULES ROMAINS. *Sidgwick & Jackson.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Ashanti Blood. By ANN MARY FIELDING. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Last Crevasse. By R. FRISON-ROCHE. *Methuen.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Compassionate People. By JOHN HOSEA. *Heinemann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

When Mr. Ernest Hemingway's last novel, *Across the River and Into the Trees*, was published, we were told that this was not the Big novel on which he was known to have been working. He had taken time off from the Big novel, but it was understood that he was returning to it. The idea of the Big novel, although not peculiar to America, is peculiarly at home there. The biggest novel anyone can write is, of course, The Great American Novel, which possesses an obsessional attraction. Even as I write, it lies upon the platen of a hundred thousand typewriters, and in due course another hundred thousand typescripts, and a million polite letters of rejection, will go to swell the fuel reserves. For just as the Chancellor of Oxford University should traditionally be a Peer, an Oxford graduate, and a Conservative not active in party politics, so, to be acceptable as the author of The Great American Novel, one must possess a peculiar combination of exalted characteristics. Fame is not enough, since it may go either with Regionalism (case of Faulkner) or Cosmopolitanism (case of Hemingway). It is better, too, to be known as a candidate, since the authorship of The Great American Novel is not going to be handed to anyone on a silver platter. It is desirable to be serious in an easily recognisable way; irony should be neither obscure nor savage. For some time now the only really satisfactory candidate—for those who did not think he had already passed the Chair—has been Mr. John Dos Passos.

His candidacy is expressly proclaimed in the title of his new book, and in case there is anything obscure about its pretensions—using that word in a polite sense—the publishers speak of Mr. Dos Passos' "famous power as an inspired imaginative transmuter of his country's experience in all its vivid diversity." The scheme of imaginative transmutation employed in *Chosen Country* is simple in its basic structure. Mr. Dos Passos traces back for a generation or so the ancestry of a young man and woman who, when the story ends in the 1920s, have just decided to marry. Without exceeding the limits of a mechanical probability it would have been easy to make the origins picturesquely yet somehow inacceptably diverse, but here Mr. Dos Passos' restraint achieves a very just effect. Jay Pignatelli's father, of Italian peasant origin, is a successful lawyer and financier; an accomplished *bon vivant* with a snobbish fondness for Europe, he is far from being characteristically second-generation. His mother is a Virginian:

> . . . and how the darkies came trooping out to meet them with flambeaux and the quadrille they danced under the French chandelier glittering like ice in the high hall and the whippoorwills so loud outside you could hear them above the fiddlers under the portico and tall young men, so slender and courtly, everyone in formal dress . . . .

Lulie Harrington's background is rather more solid, her father a scholar, her mother the daughter of a Kentucky Senator. A liaison with the working class, however, is provided by another branch of the Pignatelli family. There are other people too, in this long book, whose histories are worked out over nearly a hundred years, and if the reader, passing to and fro, finds himself in something of a maze, Mr. Dos Passos may feel that he is, nevertheless, getting a sense of America which a wholly unconfused book could not have given him. There is a good deal about Europe in the book, about Americans travelling in Europe, about Americans who understand, admire, and are at home in Europe, but for whom America is still the chosen country. There is also a good deal about politics, the liberal-to-anarchist politics of the indigenous American Left, which registered upon history in the I.W.W. So much for the recipe. *Chosen Country* is a readable, intelligent, solid book, continuously interesting despite its wandering course, occasionally gripping and often powerful, but not often moving. A slightly erratic vividness plays over it like an electric storm, illuminating here an incident, there an atmosphere or a theme. If it is pretentious—using the word now not in a polite sense—it is so rather by suggestion than by statement. Yet somehow, in its consciousness of being the Great American Novel, it *is* pretentious. If it were the work of a little-known author it would quite properly be greeted with enthusiasm, but it does not at all correspond with the magnitude of Mr. Dos Passos' reputation, and the discrepancy between the two is the most striking thing about it.

The idea of the Big novel leads us naturally to M. Jules Romains, but M. Romains, having written one novel—in how many volumes is it?—has now produced two stories in one volume. These are not ordinary ghost stories, but they deal with paranormal phenomena, interferences with the normal workings of time and space. Personally I find that the only paranormal phenomenon that interests me is the poltergeist, but I find stories such as M. Romains' technically interesting as literary exercises. In the first of the two, the writer achieves the right note of bland flatness, but to be really persuasive a story such as this—where character is a decidedly secondary interest—must show the protagonists or witnesses behaving pretty well as one would oneself in their situation, and on this basis of judgment my interest lapsed about half-way through.

Ashanti Blood is a third novel by an author whose earlier works I have not read, but who appears, from the quotations on the jacket, to have been moving from light entertainment towards something solid. This book is certainly both entertaining, in the best sense, and solid as well. Set in a gold mine in the Gold Coast, it is an intelligent, professionally well-written study of the relationship between character and environment. The jungle, the remoteness, the gold-fever—they are handled with a good deal of power, and with an unromantic feeling which, however, is not self-consciously unromantic. The small group of characters are all English upper-middle or working class; the two principals are the manager of the mine and his wife; there is some, but not too much, violent action. Miss Fielding's note is cool, yet has feeling, and she has an admirable detachment; if one were not told I doubt whether one would know that *Ashanti Blood* is the work of a woman and a Roman Catholic.

Perhaps, after the jungle, we might cool off briefly on the Alps. M. Frison-Roche is, or was, a Chamonix guide whose first mountaineering novel gained an immense popular success in France. *First on the Rope* was a crude amateurish adventure story which gave astonishing reflections of the celestial exhilaration of high mountains. So does *The Last Crevasse*, which has the same impeccable authenticity. As a novel, it is infinitely more competent, done with a smooth best-seller assurance. M. Frison-Roche's next book, one feels, will perhaps be set in Nassau, and anyone who wants the next best thing to a morning on the Aiguille Mummery had better cash in now.

The Compassionate People is an out-of-the-way English first novel, not at all the usual ragbag, but a brief, sharply defined story of the love of a young English prisoner of war for a French novice in the convent-hospital. Sometimes a little bloodless, it does achieve at moments the limpidity at which it aims, and if it is really an overgrown *conte* rather than a novel, it is interesting to see an English writer beginning with such a subject in such a medium.

J. D. SCOTT

RACHMANINOFF

Rachmaninoff. By VICTOR I. SEROV. *Cassell.* 21*s.*

The life story of Rachmaninoff exemplifies the tragedy of a man divided against himself and living, much of the time, in exile from his true self—a situation symbolised and enhanced by exile from his own country, which he loved more than anything except his wife and family. This pathetic story—it might have been no more than sad, if the subject had not been a genius, and no other word will do—is simply and sensibly told in this book, which is a fitting companion to Mr. John Culshaw's admirable study of the composer.

Rachmaninoff, we learn, had an "unsatisfactory" father, who blued the family fortune (the Rachmaninoffs were *noblesse d'épée*), eventually wandering away by himself, and the young Serge suffered in childhood and adolescence from a sense of insecurity which issued, uncompromisingly, in melancholy and defeatism. His gifts as a pianist, composer and conductor were far too great to permit even his self-destructive temperament to rob him of fame and position; but neither gave him much satisfaction and Mr. Serov makes it abundantly (though sympathetically) clear that Rachmaninoff, since he lacked belief in his own powers, could not stand up for himself and, when required to do no more than that, retired pridefully into fatalistic gloom.

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£1,000 competition
The Institute of Contemporary Arts has announced a £1,000 competition for an essay on the film of T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral.* The book "The Film of *Murder in the Cathedral*" provides aspiring essayists with the ideas of both the author and the producer of the film, together with the complete scenario, stills and details of costume, sets, etc. Copies of the book are still available at 25s.

FABER BOOKS

interesting book are the letters (here published in English for the first time) to the Egeria of Rachmaninoff's last Russian years, the poetess, Marietta Shaginian. In these the composer unburdened himself with comparative freedom, and we get a sharp personal expression of his torturing diffidence, his hatred of all extremes, his timidity, his deep mistrust of life and fear of death ("one cannot live if one has to die"). But these confidences, transparent though they are (Rachmaninoff was a strikingly truthful man), represent, it would seem, the only occasion in his life when the composer felt a real need to confide to another his personal conviction of life's obdurate sadness. An idealist if ever there was one, Rachmaninoff remained shut up in the fortress of a private world, and the spectacle of his absolute incuriosity—about people, languages, countries, politics, new movements in music—is stupefying. Yet it enabled him, we surmise, to concentrate his powers and to become, not only the greatest pianist of his day, but a composer who, if not great, has, and is likely to retain, a peculiar appeal. Rachmaninoff's painful temperament did not in the least affect his playing of other men's works, and even when performing his own a cool detachment and avoidance of sentimentality were very noticeable; but the essence of his music is, of course, the passionate nostalgia which as a man he never attempted to escape. To deplore Rachmaninoff's weakness of character is to deplore his works, which many musicians do; to the extent of forgetting that those works convey, often with the last degree of poignancy, one of those complex moods to which Original Sin has condemned us all and to which music, even more than poetry, is adept at expressing: absolute regret.

To read these pages is to recall vividly the aspect of Rachmaninoff on the concert platform: the tall figure; the extraordinary head—partly of a mandarin, partly of a priest, and partly also of a convict who has been unjustly sentenced but cannot be bothered to appeal; the huge hands that seemed, when executing a passage of octaves, to be spanning mere fifths; the wary, disillusioned eyes. A genius, unquestionably, though flawed in his capacity for development; also—and it is not the least of this book's virtues that it makes this point unobtrusively distinct—essentially a noble and amiable nature. It is some consolation to know that the rulers of Russia have at last had the grace to approve the performance of Rachmaninoff's music in his own country.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

BANNED IN SOUTH AFRICA

The Choice Before South Africa. By E. S. SACHS. *Turnstile Press.* 15s.

The most spirited of Dr. Malan's opponents has written a book as challenging as we should expect from him. Banned in the Custom house at Capetown, this book will make its way all over the English-speaking world. Mr. Tom Driberg, in his sympathetic preface, speaks of Mr. Sachs as a "meteor among his fellows," but it is not brilliance and courage alone that distinguishes him. This is a wise book, and the man who wrote it has always been, amid his defiant struggles against reaction, a constructive thinker. Around him in prison will be fought, it may be, the decisive round of the battle which determines whether South Africa shall become a Fascist Police State. The validity of the written Constitution is an important issue, but it is overshadowed by the Act for the Suppression of Communism, of which "Solly" Sachs is the most distinguished of many victims. If a Minister may remove Members from Parliament, suppress newspapers and deprive his opponents of their civil and political rights by the simple process of "deeming" them to be Communists, South Africa has ceased to be a civilised State, founded on law. It is not only the Law Courts, the organised workers and the voters of South Africa who will decide their country's fate. Public opinion in the Commonwealth and United Nations has the right to speak its mind before the whole continent goes up in flames.

Mr. Driberg assures us that Mr. Sachs is not a Communist. What Dr. Malan's Government has done to him would still be monstrous, if he were. His readers will form a clear and friendly idea of his mind and character, long before they come to the end of this book. He was the pioneer in organising the "poor whites," most of them Afrikaans-speaking, who flocked into industry after their fathers' farms had been burned down in the Boer war. They had no trade unionist tradition, and were steeped in racial and nationalist bitterness. The formation of the Garment Workers' Union without a colour bar was Mr. Sachs's first service to the workers of all races. He had then to defend it against the efforts of the nationalists to break it up by slander, violence and the sermons of the Dutch Reformed preachers. He tells the story of his successful defence against these Protestant Nazis with humour and zest. A printing firm of which his present adversary, the Minister of Justice, is a director, had to pay him damages for defamation.

Mr. Sachs gives us a clear all-round survey of the chief problems of South Africa. It is an alarming picture, which forces us to see not only the brutality, but also the stupidity of the treatment of the Africans by the Europeans. In concrete detail he shows us the abysmal poverty of the tribes in the Transkei, where only four per cent. of the children eat meat, and only five per cent. vegetables, while eighty per cent. must live on one meal a day, consisting of maize only. Marx assumed that wages must provide, not merely a bare subsistence for the worker, but also the means of replacement—in other words, that proletarians must breed. But the gold mines pay wages to their African workers "far too meagre to support a family." Turning from the mines to the farms, we discover that while one agricultural worker in Great Britain raises food for 10 people, it is doubtful whether in South Africa one man engaged in agriculture can produce enough for two.

On page after page, Mr. Sachs describes for us the iniquities of the Union's legislation, which condemn the Africans to a degradation without hope. As a practical economist familiar with every aspect of the organisation of labour, the moral he drives home is that the white employer, both in the mines and on the farms, who clamours for indefinite numbers of cheap, unskilled labourers, is ruining both races. Inefficient semi-servile labour is not cheap. If this fallacy could be banished, humane and rational citizens would be better able to undo the neglect of the past and the oppressions of to-day. South Africa, with its bankrupt agriculture and its meagre home market (restricted by the poverty of the Africans), is very much less prosperous than it might be, if it had treated them with enlightenment and justice. To-day a "widespread and terrible fear" has gripped both races, and it is only a minority among the Whites who realise that the way to end "the black menace" is "to stop oppressing and humiliating" the non-Europeans. Mr. Sachs sets a liberal and workmanlike programme before his fellow-countrymen. To us also and to the United Nations, he addresses a proposal we dare not neglect. It is that capital be made available to develop the backward regions of South Africa, but only "on condition that it abandons its policy of oppression and pursues a policy of progress."

H. N. BRAILSFORD

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SHORTER REVIEWS

The Defence of Western Europe. By DREW MIDDLETON. *Muller.* 15s.

This book is yet another example of the difficulty of preserving balanced judgment under the pressure of a political obsession. Mr. Middleton, who is head of the *New York Times* European Bureau, is concerned partly to present a quasi-military appreciation of the present and prospective efficacy of N.A.T.O. forces in relation to his assessment of Russian war potential; and his conclusions are perhaps as reasonable as any which could be drawn by a writer not in possession of secret Intelligence material. His main purpose, however, is to argue that if the East-West battle, whose chief *terrain* he presumes, will be Western Germany, is not to be lost by the West, General Ridgway must be provided with much greater forces—including notably 12 divisions from Western Germany.

In all this, there is one signal *petitio principii*. Mr. Middleton is an observant and honest reporter; and he makes no bones about admitting that there are terrible risks involved in the rearmament of Western Germany, that inflated rearmament may distort ruinously the economy of Western Europe on which its political stability depends, and that neutralism (coupled with deep suspicions of America's intentions) is an important factor in the N.A.T.O. member States. Nevertheless, he holds, rearmament must go ahead full-tilt, and the U.S. must break down Western Europe's "fear of war." Why? Simply and solely because the "aggressive, irresponsible hierarchy" in control of the Soviet Union means to attack the West "in its quest for world domination." This is a large, provocative assumption which Mr. Middleton fails to support by any convincing evidence. His categoric statement that the Russian people are being "totally indoctrinated for war" is highly questionable. Russian propaganda for internal consumption consistently depicts the West as the "enemy," but this is not the same thing. There is even less substance in his suggestion that the U.S.S.R. is likely to launch a war of aggression because of "the steady fall in the standard of living throughout Eastern Europe." This assertion is made in defiance of all the known statistical facts. In short, Mr. Middleton is so obsessed with the "monstrous tyranny" and menace of Russian Communism that he fails utterly to distinguish between the economic factors operative in the Germany of 1933-39 and those applicable to the Soviet Union to-day.

The Scandalmonger. By T. H. WHITE. *Cape.* 18s.

This companion volume to *The Age of Scandal* contains a further selection of late eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century oddities, garnered from perusal of old memoirs. Mr. White's sources range from Horace Walpole (whom he has the temerity to refer to as "Horry") and the Newgate Calendar to Parson Woodforde's and Sir Henry Ponsonby's diaries. The subjects, however, have often been chosen less for their intrinsic interest than as vehicles for the author's sophisticated sense of humour. His pungent comments on pet dogs and duelling, public executions and rotten boroughs reveal his own spiritual descent from the Age of Reason. But perhaps the worthiest contributions to this miscellany are the potted biographies of Sheridan, Beau Brummell and the Lord Camelford who was killed in a duel in 1804. Each of these characters had the quality, so greatly admired in that aristocratic age, of "bottom," *i.e.*, a foundation of rugged individuality.

Mr. White enjoys contrasting such solidly based personages with the flimsy riff-raff of our present degenerate times; indeed, it is difficult to tell which he despises most, modern sentimentality, modern politics or modern men. In his enthusiasm for the past, he even discovers a saving element of "bottom" in Queen Victoria linking her with her ancestors. But such lax definition eventually knocks the bottom out of Mr. White's argument. If selfishness, vanity, obstinacy and sheer stupidity are to be regarded as

the fundamentals of character, then we are suffering from no decline of vigour even in these effeminate days. Yet we must not let disagreement with the author's philosophy of life cloud our enjoyment of a superficial but most amusing book.

The U.S. and Us. By MARJORIE BANKS and EDWARD WARD. *Wingate*. 18*s*.

In 1950, Marjorie Banks and Edward Ward were sent by the B.B.C. on a coast-to-coast tour of the United States. They took recordings of their conversations with tobacco workers in the South, students in the universities, skilled workers in the steel mills, housewives in their homes and officials in Government and industry. These recordings form the body of the book and they are linked together by an account of the writers' adventures and impressions of the life and people of the United States. It is a picture of America essentially suited to listeners of the Light and Home programmes—readable, colourful, informative and superficial.

Apart from the originality of the authentic recordings of the voice of a good cross section of the American public, this book adds little to the endless stream of Americana. It is just another of the "quickies" which Englishmen seem impelled to turn out after a brief visit to the United States. Once again the reader is told about fabulous New York, the slums of Chicago, the cost of living, the wealth of consumer goods and the eccentricities of the Americans. These aspects of America must be wearily familiar to British readers.

England in the Late Middle Ages. By A. R. MYERS. *Penguin Books*. 3*s*.

The later Middle Ages in English history used to be regarded as an unaccountably long and depressing interlude between the great achievements of the thirteenth century and the emergence of a recognisably modern society under the Tudors. But in the last thirty years scholars have done much to make this period interesting and intelligible in its own right. In their separate fields they have been destroying old myths, producing much new evidence and even indulging in provocative guesswork. This volume of the Penguin History is particularly welcome as providing the first general survey of the new landscape. Mr. Myers has produced a very workmanlike report, neat in its planning, wide in its range and not overcrowded with confusing details. He has rightly decided to overlap the succeeding volume and to complete his account by bringing it down to the great changes of the fifteen-thirties, though he insists too repetitively on the importance of that decade as marking the end of that dubious abstraction, "the medieval order."

He has been particularly successful in writing with sensitive discrimination on literature, building and the decorative arts. But in his chapters on politics, government and economic changes he has been largely content to assemble and summarise the results of recent work and has not fused the evidence in a convincing interpretation. Sometimes it is disconcertingly easy to see where the scissors have snipped and the paste been dabbed on. In part this lack of firmness derives from a half-hearted defence of political history as a mere framework for the real subject matter of social, intellectual and artistic history; in part from too simple assumptions about class-structure. Historians ought to ask themselves whether the formula of "the rise of the middle classes" is really a valid answer to so many problems in so many periods. Nevertheless this book is a very well-informed and skilfully composed account which should do much to satisfy and stimulate the interests of its readers.

Peirce and Pragmatism. By W. B. GALLIE. *Pelican Books*. 2*s*. 6*d*.

Peirce and Pragmatism is the second volume to appear in the new Pelican Philosophy Series—a series which now promises to be one of the most interesting and exciting ventures in post-war publishing. Like its predecessor, Stuart Hampshire's *Spinoza*, this book really does substantiate all those familiar claims which most of us have come to view with deep suspicion as mere publisher's rhetoric. For here is a book that is at once simple and thoughtful, accessible without any sacrifice of accuracy, of universal appeal and yet of high uncompromising seriousness.

Charles Peirce is by now well known to students of philosophy as a highly gifted and original thinker who anticipated many of the recent developments in the subject: in the theory of knowledge, in the philosophy of mind, in mathematical logic and, above all, in that general shift of philosophical interest in the direction of language and the theory of communication which is so distinctively modern. But for a number of reasons—most of them bound up with the curious, difficult character of the man himself—Peirce is scarcely a name to the wider thinking public. This is a situation which Professor Gallie's book ought certainly to rectify. But it ought also to do more than this. For Professor Gallie is intent on showing that Peirce was more than a strange wayward thinker capable of flashes of genius. He was also a philosopher with a grand comprehensive system. It is here, in the exposition of this system, that Professor Gallie incurs the gratitude of the professional philosopher as well as that of the intelligent layman. Necessarily, the two chapters on Peirce's metaphysics have their difficulties. Where Professor Gallie deserves abundant credit is that his interpretation, his explanations always move *outwards*—relating Peirce's ideas at every point to the main historic concerns of European thought—and never merely *inwards*—to the technical problems of modern logic, fascinating though these may be in themselves.

The Last Serjeant. By A. M. SULLIVAN. *Macdonald*. 21*s*.

What matters to most juries, says Serjeant Sullivan, is that "the fellow is in the dock . . . He would not be there unless somebody knew some good reason for putting him there. The reason may appear in evidence or may be excluded by the laws of evidence, but the police generally know what they are about . . . though sometimes they are not allowed to tell all they know."

You seldom find this clear, hard ring in a book of lawyer's reminiscences. Serjeant Sullivan was acknowledged leader of the Irish Bar when he came to this country to defend Roger Casement—and stayed to outstrip most of his English contemporaries. The special traditions of "the King's Serjeant's" office might lead you to expect (if you didn't know the man) a book of sonorous constitutional platitudes rather than this hard-hitting and witty entertainment. It misses none of its targets, some of which have gone unpelted for too long. It shares one quality, and one only, with most other books of its kind: it allows you to forget that the comedy of the courts is sustained by the personal tragedies of litigants. In all other respects it is the brightest (and it is certainly the best-written) lawyer's log since those of E. S. P. Haynes.

London Immortals. By THEODORA BENSON. *Wingate*. 15*s*.

"They are evoked—a somewhat random process—by a street name, a plaque on a house, some stirring of association or fancy, a book from the lending library. . . ." In such prefatory words the author accounts for her rather wild selection of "Immortals," some London-born or dying, some merely London-visiting. The arrangement appears even more haphazard since the characters are grouped not by time but by district. A dipping and untidy book, in fact, but justified by two things—the oddities of its information and the grace of its author's style. "Grinling Gibbons," she writes, "lived in La Belle Sauvage Yard, his sign a carved pot of wooden flowers, so light and airy that they shook to the sound of coaches." Or again (of Alice Perrers, the mistress of Edward III): "Till Edward was on his death bed she had the power to interest and charm and enliven him, to make to-morrow seem of hopeful meaning. . . . It was natural that she was hated, but very odd that no man except the king fancied her at all." Cast in these crowded pages where you will, some odd catch rises; Jenny Diver, perhaps, who "drew up a sound and democratic thieves' charter"; Lord Erskine, who favoured Negro emancipation and Greek independence, and cherished, among other creatures, two leeches which had served him during an illness. The book includes a picture of Shakespeare, complete with legs and walking. It is, like the other line-drawings, by Nicolas Bentley. But there are also many reproductions of contemporary prints and paintings.

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Week-end Competitions

No. 1,162

Set by Naomi Lewis

The usual prizes are offered for a prose paragraph advertising a literary or political summer school, to be held in England at any date before 1850. Limit 150 words. Entries by June 10th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,159

Set by Richard Hamilton

A famous Regimental Motto "*Nemo me impune lacessit*" has been rendered as "Keep off the grass." Prizes are offered for suitable idiomatic renderings of three of the following: Sic transit gloria mundi!; Mens sana in corpore sano; Absit omen!; O tempora! O mores!; Plus ça change, plus c'est la meme chose; Fay ce que vouldras; Il faut cultiver notre jardin; Pour encourager les autres; Honi soit qui mal y pense.

Report by Richard Hamilton

In the Popularity Stakes "Touch wood" (24) was a nose in front of "You've had it" (23), with "That'll larn 'em" and "This is where we came in" nowhere. In general, ingenuity was more in evidence than accuracy; the chief test was whether the suggested rendering could, in a given situation, fairly be substituted for the original. At the same time terseness was preferred to verbosity and sparkle to drabness. Among others, I liked:

Mens sana. . . . That Kruschen feeling; Strength through Joy.

O tempora. . . . It wouldn't have done for the Duke, sir.

Plus ça change. . . . Same difference.

Fay ce que. . . . It's a free country.

Il faut cultiver. . . . Stay in your own backyard.

Pour encourager. . . . You have been warned.

Honi soit. . . . I never thought of it that way; Passed by the Censor; Black mark, cads!; We are not amused.

There were many individual gems, some pairs and a small batch of triplets. Finally, originality and near-originality became the test. First prize of two guineas to L. E. J. and a guinea each for G. Ellenbogen, J. R. Pitt, V. R. O. and A. M. Sayers.

Sic transit gloria mundi.—Sunset Boulevard.
Il faut cultiver notre jardin.—Vote for Taft.
Honi soit qui mal y pense.—I don't mean what you mean. I. F. J.

Plus ça change. . . .—We have been here before.
Absit omen. . . .—Bless you!
Sic transit. . . .—What price glory?
G. ELLENBOGEN

Mens sana. . . .—A tablet a day keeps the psycho away.
Plus ça change. . .—It's a vicious circle.
Il faut cultiver. . .—When you feel fed up, wash up. J. R. TILL

Mens sana. . . .—Muscular Christianity.
Absit omen!—Keep your fingers crossed.
Plus ça change. . . .—It all boils down to the same in the odd. V. R. O.

O tempora!—Country's going to the dogs.
Il faut cultiver. . . .—Let's get an with the washing.
Pour encourager. . . .—To keep 'em on their toes.
A. M. SAVERS

CHESS: Keres Took Five Minutes

No. 139

It has become a tradition for holiday numbers to appeal for the maximum of time competitors may be prepared to spend on chess problems. Here is a chance to compare their own prowess with that of a grandmaster. I took **A**, a 3-mover from an old volume of the *Deutsche Schachblätter* where its Editor Kurt Richter reports how he and the author showed Keres the problem in 1938 (when he was 22). "He sat down at the board and began to think. Not a muscle moved in his face, not a piece was shifted, not a word spoken. After five minutes Keres moved a piece. It was the key-move." I hope that some of our competitors will emulate the grandmaster, thereby earning precisely a point a minute. They may find it easier to earn another 5 points for **B**, a 4-mover, particularly if I add the useful little hint that when going round the mulberry bush it is by no means certain whether one should go round clockwise or anti-clockwise, and one had better decide according to the prevailing circumstances. Not quite so easy is **C**, and yet not nearly as difficult as the formidable proposition of a 10-mover may seem to be. If I am to rate it as highly as 6 ladder-points I should not give a hint at all: but I will say that much that in the course of his operations White may find it useful to pick up a pawn.

A: P. Heuäcker 1925

B: A. Kraemer 1950

C: C. A. Gilberg 1890

D: G. Neukomm 1949

Much the same hint could be given for **D** which, being a 15-mover, looks even more formidable but really isn't. It should be more than amply rated with 7 points towards the grand total of 40 to be garnered this Whitsun.

After so much frivolity the more seriously minded competitors will welcome a couple of thoroughly honest and sound and none too easy studies. Even so, if **E** and **F**—White to win in both of them—are to be worth 8 and 9 points respectively the only explanation may be the distinctly inflationary tendency which a bank holiday seems to impose on my rating policy.

E: T. B. Gorgiev 1930

F: J. Hasek 1929

Usual prizes. Entries by June 9.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set May 10

A: (1) B-R7, B-R8, (2) K-Kt1, B-B6, (3) K-B2, B-R8, (4) B-Q4, B x B, (5) K-Q3, followed by K-K4.

B: (1) B-R3 ch, K-B5, (2) Q-Kt5 ch, K-B6, (3) Q-Kt7 ch, K-B5, (4) Q-B7 ch, K-B6, (5) Q-B6 ch, K-B5, (6) Q-Q6 ch, K-B6, (7) Q-Q3 ch, etc.

If (1) . . . K-B3, (2) Q-KB8 ch, K-Kt4, (3) Q-Kt7 ch, K-B5, (4) Q-QB7 ch, etc.

If (1) . . . K-Kt4, (2) Q-Q8 (Kt8) ch, K-R5, (3) Q-R8 ch, K-Kt4, (4) Q-Kt7 ch, etc.

C: (1) R-KKt6, Q x R, (2) R-Q5 ch, K-Kt3, (3) R-Q6 ch, Q x R, (4) P-B8 (Kt) ch, K-B3, (5) Kt x Q, K x Kt, (6) K x P, P-B5, (7) K x P, etc.

I must have either overrated the difficulty of these studies or (more likely) underrated the prowess of competitors. Some of them got near enough the basic ideas to drop merely a point or two, and perfectly flawless solutions were turned in by well over a score, even apart from those who share the prizes, having never or not for a very long time appeared in a prize list—E. A. Barclay-Smith, E. W. Beal, E. W. Carmichael, G. S. Davidson, E. Hopkinson, J. P. Lanz.

ASSIAC

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

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UNIVERSITY of Melbourne, Australia. Applications are invited for the position of Professor of Theoretical Physics, a specialist in Quantum Mechanics being desired. Salary £A2,036 per annum (including £A186 cost of living allowance). Superannuation is similar to F.S.S.U. and policies under F.S.S.U. may be transferred. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for receipt of applics. is Aug. 31, 1952.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Applications are invited for a probationary Assistant Lectureship in Education. Salary £450, rising to £700 per annum after one year. Applicants should be able to undertake lectures in methods of teaching at least one—preferably two—of the following subjects: Chemistry, Geography, Social Studies. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, by whom applications must be received by Monday, June 16, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Otago, Dunedin, New Zealand. Applications are invited for a Lectureship in History. Salary range £800—£950 p.a. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is June 30, 1952.

UNIVERSITY College, London (Gower Street, W.C.1). Applications are invited for the post of Research Worker in the Department of Psychology, to take part in experimental studies of group behaviour. The appointment will be for one year from October 1, 1952, with the possibility of renewal. Salary £450–£660 p.a. according to qualifications. Applications, giving particulars of qualifications and exp. and names of three refs., should be sent to the Sec. by June 13, 1952.

WEST Riding County Council, Bretton Hall. Applications are invited for the following additional Lectureships: (1) Lecturer in Art and Craft. (2) Lecturer in Music with special interest in the orchestra. (Previous candidates wishing to renew their applications for this post need only send a postcard to the Principal.) Candidates should not only have high qualifications and wide interest in their own particular art but also extensive contact with schools and children and an interest in the possibilities of education through the Arts. If possible, the successful candidates should be able to take up the posts in September, but consideration will be given to candidates able to join the staff not later than January, 1953. Further particulars and application forms can be obtained from the Principal, Bretton, Wakefield. All applications must be received not later than ten days after the appearance of this advertisement.

LONDON School of Economics (University of London). The British Library of Political and Economic Science has two vacancies for Assistant Librarians in Grade IIA. Salary, according to qualifications, on the scale £350 × £25–£525. Candidates must be graduates, preferably in the social sciences; experience in librarianship will be a further recommendation. Applications, with copies of two testimonials, should be sent to the Librarian, British Library of Political and Economic Science, Houghton St., Aldwych, London, W.C.2, not later than June 14, 1952.

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WESTHOPE Manor Community School requires in September qualified Teacher—Mathematics, Science, some general subjects, age groups 12/15 years, cordial atmosphere Burnham scale. Apply to Principal, Westhope Manor School, Craven Arms, Salop.

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LONDONDERRY High School. Required for school year 1952-53 a temporary Art Mistress. Art Teacher's Certificate essential. Apply at once to the Head Mistress.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON County Council. Administrative vacancies. A special competitive examination will be held in London on July 21 and 22, 1952, for appointments to Major Establishment. Open to candidates born on or between August 2, 1928, and February 1, 1933, who are either (a) university graduates (or undergraduates in last year of degree course) or (b) men with Higher School Certificate (or equivalent) who will have completed by February 1, 1953, their period of whole-time National Service in H.M. Forces. University graduates given age allowance (maximum one year) for Forces service. Ex-regulars with qualifications mentioned given age allowance. Small "weighting" of marks for recent Forces service. Commencing salaries by age from £336 at 20 to £450 at 24. Scale rises to £660. Good conditions and leave, prospects of promotion to higher grades. Apply to Clerk of the Council (A.1), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, for detailed leaflet and application form S.C.1, returnable by June 16. (395)

FOOD and Agriculture Organisation (Rome), United Nations and World Health Organisation (Geneva) invite applications from Secretaries and Stenographers of English mother-tongue for tests to be held in London to recruit to stenographic pools. Standards required: 1. (a) 120 wpm shorthand, no minimum experience, or (b) 100 wpm shorthand with minimum 2 years' experience, plus School Certificate. 2. Typing speed of 50 wpm. 3. Age limit 20–40. When writing please state Organisation preferred and whether qualifying under (a) or (b). Applications should be sent to the Examination Board, Palais des Nations, Geneva, giving photograph, name and address, nationality, mother-tongue, age, education, experience, speeds. Further information will be sent only to those selected for testing. Closing date June 7.

ACKWORTH School, near Pontefract, Yorks. (Coeducational boarding school conducted by the Society of Friends.) Required in September, 1952, a resident Mistress to share in the teaching of English to Advanced and Scholarship standard. Apply immediately to the Headmistress.

YOUNG Assistant Housemaster required in September to help with general supervision and out of school activities of a group of boys aged 11-16 years. Ability to give help with dramatic work a distinct advantage. The post is for a period not exceeding one year and could be held for six months. Good experience for a young man interested in social work amongst deprived children prior to entrance to the University or probation officers or teachers training courses. Highest references required. Salary according to experience. Apply Miss Rendel, Mersham le Hatch, Ashford, Kent.

WANTED, Sept., for small country boarding-school, with farm, Scotland, 2 expd teachers. (1) Languages. (2) Maths. & Science. Couple interested progressive education considered re either post. Some capital a recommendation but not essential. Box 1277.

WORKERS' Educational Assoc., Northern Dist. Applications invited for post of Organising Tutor. Salary scale £456–£636. Application form, W.E.A., 51 Grainger St., Newcastle upon Tyne, 1. Closing date for applications June 28, 1952.

WEST Sussex County Council. County Education Committee. Greenacres Hostel, Horsham. (1) Applications are invited from persons with suitable experience and/or training for appointment as Resident Assistant Warden at Greenacres Hostel for Maladjusted Children, Horsham. The salary scale is £175 per annum, rising to £220 by increments of £15 per annum. Forms of application, together with particulars of duties and conditions of appointment, from Director of Education, County Hall, Chichester, upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope. (2) Applications are invited for the post of Children's Assistant at Greenacres Hostel for Maladjusted Children, Horsham. Duties will include assisting the Warden and Matron in the supervision of children and the general running of the hostel. The salary scale is £150 per annum, rising to £195 by increments of £15 per annum. Apply Employment Exchange, Chichester, quoting order number 357. The posts are residential. Board and lodging is provided free. The posts are superannuable. T. C. Hayward, Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Chichester.

BERKSHIRE County Council. Strathfield House, Mortimer, Nr. Reading. This new family group Home for 16 children requires Matron and/or Superintendent. Applications invited from couples, husband to follow own occupation, full or part-time. Both must be interested and experienced in home-making for group of children. Accommodation for one staff child only. Salary and conditions in accordance with the N.J.C. recommendations. Closing date June 7. Application forms and further particulars from Children's Officer, 35 Bath Road, Reading. E. R. Davies, Clerk of the Council.

WANTED now, experienced builder-joiner for repair and reconstruction work. Interesting residential job for single man, or couple interested in progressive education. J. M. Aathenhead, Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland.

EXPERIENCED Matron required immediately. Small group boys and girls, 6-14. Practical disciplinarian. Salary approx. £250. N. London. Box 1429.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ROYAL Naval & Royal Marine Children's Home, Watertooville, Hants. Appointment of Resident House Mother and House Father (C. of E.). Applications are invited for the above joint appointment in a Home of 32 boys. Preference will be given to those experienced in the residential care of children. They will be required to work under the direction of the Warden of the Home. Salaries: House Mother, £190 p.a., rising by increments to £250 plus emoluments. House Father, £246, rising by increments to £300 plus emoluments. Contributory pension scheme in operation. Applications, giving full particulars of age, previous experience and qualifications, accompanied by copies of recent testimonials, and/or names of referees, should be forwarded not later than June 7, to Warden, R.N. & R.M. Children's Home, 43 Stakes Hill Rd., Waterlooville, Hants.

ROYAL Naval & Royal Marine Children's Home, Waterlooville, Hants. Appointment of Resident Assistant House Mothers (C. of E.). Applications are invited for the above appointments in a Home of 32 boys. Preference will be given to those experienced in the residential care of children. Salary £155 p.a., rising by increments to £200 plus emoluments. Contributory Pension Scheme in operation. Applications, giving full particulars of age, experience and qualifications, accompanied by copies of recent testimonials and/or names of referees, should be forwarded not later than June 7, 1952, to The Warden, R.N. & R.M. Children's Home, 43 Stakes Hill Rd., Waterlooville, Hants.

IMPERIAL Chemical Industries, Dyestuffs Division, have additions to make to Managerial Staffs in their Canteens in Manchester, and applications are invited for appointments as Assistant Canteen Managereses. Single women are required, aged between 25 and 33, with a Domestic Science qualification and practical, up-to-date experience of large-scale catering, with control of staff. Candidates must have personality and ability to carry responsibility and exert influence from the start. These posts are progressive. Write giving full particulars to Staff Department, Hexagon House, Blackley, Manchester, 9.

ORGANISING Secretary (woman) required for Hostels for Crippled and Invalid Women Workers, 11 Love Walk, Denmark Hill, S.E.5. Salary £500 p.a., non-resident. Age 30 to 40. Apply Lady Morris, Chairman.

WOMAN resident Office Secretary & Assistant to the Warden. Knowledge shorthand-typing & elementary book keeping. Apply: Hon. Sec., West African Students' Union, 13 Chelsea Embankment, S.W.

PUBLISHERS' Sales Manager requires young part-time assistant, either sex; afternoons Monday to Friday. Shorthand-typing and some figures essential. Full particulars and salary required to Box 1469.

IRVING Theatre Club requires young educated Typist, good at figures and handwriting. Salary £4. 17 Irving St., W.C.2.

LONDON solicitor reqs. litigation clerk for handling claims on behalf of insured workmen. Good opportunity for yng. socialist with intelligence & initiative. Box 915.

"PICTURE Post." Opportunity for layout men. We are expanding the make-up department of "Picture Post." This makes room for two new layout men. The sort of men we have in mind would have a flair not only for handling photographs and type but also for working out the logical presentation of a picture story. This is an opportunity for intelligent, youngish yet experienced men to break into the most interesting form of journalism. Write to the Editor, "Picture Post," 43-44, Shoe Lane, London, E.C.4.

ADULT Education. Panels are being prepared of men and women qualified to teach social science subjects in classes or by short courses of informal lectures to Co-operative guilds. Further information may be obtained from T. Durham, Education Secretary, Royal Arsenal Co-operative Society, Ltd., 15 Park Vista, Greenwich, S.E.10.

EXPERIENCED Gardener required by Withymead Art Therapy Centre. Garden 2/3 acres. Knowledge of organic methods preferable. Capable taking charge. Experienced part-time help available. Resident married couple considered if wife willing help house. Accommodation in house. Write Withymead, Countess Weir, Exeter.

FULL-Time Warden required (man or woman) in July for large club for children of school age in North London. This is an initial appointment and the club will be of an experimental nature. Apply, stating qualifications, experience and age, to Mr. D. Sutherland, Save the Children Fund, 20 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1.

REQUIRED mid-July, Cook Housekeeper for Old Peoples' Hostel in New Malden. Gd plain cooking and interest in old people essential. 8 Malden Rd., New Malden, Surrey.

CANADIAN theatrical family require one Cook Housekeeper and one Mother's Help. Must be fond of children. No cleaning. Gd wages. 20 m/s. W. End. Box 1457.

HOUSEKEEPER, age 25-35, with infinite patience & sense of humour reqd. in Bashf's house on ige. N. Lancs farm (nr. sea/lakes). Diet reform cook & child-lover essential. Gd salary & conditions. Intelligence/enthusiasm of more importance than extensive experience in similar capacity. Box 1299.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

INTERESTING long term post open for Engineer with British firm in Canary Islands. Should have experience installation, maintenance and repair D.C. generators and motors, diesels, pumps. Applicant should have broad-minded attitude to local personnel, be willing assist in their training, and be capable taking initiative in the development of the enterprise as a whole. Box 1393.

RESIDENT cook reqd. by Withymead Art Therapy Centre. Thoroughly capable and expd. in catering and cooking for large household, average 35. Write Withymead, Countess Weir, Exeter.

SWEDEN. Educated girl reqd. to help Engl. spk. family Aug. 1. 2 child., mdn. flat. Own room with radio. Excel. hrs. Cent. Stockholm. Have had an English girl 2½ yrs. Gd. ref. Grafikv 25, Johanneshov, Stockholm.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

MN. Chief Radio Officer, 28, seeks responsible position where scope for organisation ability, smart appearance. Public School education, typist, good microphone personality. Box 1253.

FRENCHMAN married British girl sks. work anywhere England for 1 yr. Ed.sc. Sorbonne, degree German Studies, French Law, Cert. for Russian Studies. Tri-lingual, wishes to perfect knldge. Engl. Any post with unfurn. bed., lodging. Excel. Refs. Box 1224.

YOUNG man (26) stagnating in semi-govt. job sks. interesting change. Literary talent. Able drive, type, cook. Buckley. Interstd. books, theatre, travel, etc. Box 1295.

CAMBRIDGE Grad. (Economics) wld. like an interesting non-commercial job. Write Box "MY 47," c/o 95 Bishopsgate, E.C.2.

GRAD. 1st class (2) Hons. French, 26 (m) literary, musical, sks. post. Box 581.

RETIRED Naval Officer requires useful job, pay second to interest. Business experience, organising ability, good mixer, even-tempered, capable handling personnel. Slightly handicapped by limp; would interview own expense. Box 1347.

SOCIOLOGY graduate, 24, f., seeks interesting job London abroad. Experience research, social work, youth, housing, planning. Hard worker. Bo. 1260.

WOMAN Grad. (24), social science, typing, varied experience, sks. post with opportunities outside four office walls. Wide interests, home abroad. Box 1355.

EDUCATED Woman (36), single, at present managing branch of well-known fashion firm in West Country, seeks change. Adaptable, good appearance. Would travel. Anything considered. Box 1231.

WOMAN student sks. vacation work on Continent. Any suggestions? Box 1245.

EXPERIENCED sec., S/T., free odd half-days. ARC. 1765, ext. 1/MOU. 1701.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries Secretary, CUN. 8837.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., C.23 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

A DISPLAY of Metal, Wood and Cane Garden Furniture can be seen at Heal & Son. Please write for new Garden Furniture Catalogue. 196 Tottenham Ct. Rd., W.1.

TAPE & Wire Recorders for sale or hire. Complete range available. Panels (N), 28 New Bond Street, W.1. MAY. 3903.

PARIS Knitting Patterns with full instructions in English: "Tricots." 1s. 6d. mthly. from your usual newsagent. Price list: A.F.P. (Dept. 59), 25 Villiers St., W.C.2.

PRINTING with Personality. Booklets, reports, appeals. The Priory Press, Malvern. Est. 1898.

CRESCENT Smoking Mixture, the supreme Coltsfoot blend; 2s. 6d. per 4-ozs. post free. Shrimpton & Cooke, Broadstone, Wores.

YOUR new suit at only 10s. 6d. per week, in beautiful shades of worsted suitings. Ladies' costumes also on the same terms. West End cut. Hand-finished and two fittings £17 10s. Phone or write for appointment Grosvenor Tailors (Dept. N.S.), 87 Brewer St., London, W.1. Gerrard 4273.

THANK Heavens I found an excellent maid through Isobel Jay, Ltd., 98 Western Rd., Hove. Tel. 37216.

BOOKSHELVES. Fitments. Salmon, 11 Bond Street, Ealing, W.5. EAL. 1738.

LETTICE Ramsey, Photographer to Ramsey & Muspratt, London Studios, 5 Warwick Gdns., Kensington High St. W.14. WES. 1398 (ring mornings if possible).

INVISIBLE Mending on all garments—7 day service. Hosiery Mending 3-day Service. Post or call. Bell Invisible Menders, Ltd., 22(G) New Bond St., London, W.1.

"ASTLEYS of Jermyn Street," (109) S.W.1. Pipe specialists. Pipe repairs (any make). Meerschaum pipes old or new purchased.

ENTERTAINMENTS

WINTER Gdn., Hol. 8881. Mon. to Fri. Evs. 8. Sat. 5 & 8.15. Th. 2.30. Michael Denison, Dulcie Gray, Rosamund John, Norman Wooland in "Dragon's Mouth" by J. B. Priestley & Jacquetta Hawkes. Ltd. Run.

ARTS Tem. 3334. Last 2 days at 5 & 8. "The Voysey Inheritance." Mems.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. "Last week. "The Wages of Eve." Weds.-Suns. 7.30. Mems.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. Evngs., 10.30 (exc. Mons.), Sun. 9. "Swing Back the Gate," a nostalgic Revue. Mem'ship. 5s. yearly.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. Evgs. (ex. Mon.), 7.30. Sun. 6. Commencing June 3, "Autumn Fire," by T. C. Murray. Membership 5s.

"TOO witty for the West End": press notice on "Swiss Cottage Pie," the new topical revue. Every Fri., Sat., Sun., 8 p.m.; also Whit Monday. Cosmopolitan Players, 153 Finchley Rd., Swiss Cottage. Enquiries membership, bookings, Fri.-Mon. from 4 p.m., PRI. 5548.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until June 1. Vigo's "L'Atalante" (A). From June 2: Louis Jouvet, Ludmilla Tcherina, in "Un Revenant" (A).

PEOPLE'S Palace. Adv. 3331. June 1, 7.30. "L'Armoire Volante" (A) (French).

FESTIVAL of Soviet Films, Scala Theatre, W.1, 7.30 p.m., June 2-7: 2nd—Cavalier of the Gold Star; 3rd—Michurin; 4th—Ballerina; 5th—Tale of Siberia; 6th—Kuban Cossacks; 7th—Brave People. Tickets 1s. 6d., 2s., 3s., 4s., 7s. 6d., from Scala Theatre, Charlotte St., W.1 (MUS. 5731). Presented by B.S.F.S. Education Committee.

WIGMORE Hall, Thurs., June 5, at 7.30. Schoenberg Memorial Concert. Anne Wood, Peter Gibbs Quartet, L.S.O. Chamber Ensemble, directed by Peter Stadlen. String Quartet No. 4, Op. 37. Three Songs, Op. 48 (World Premiere). Suite, for Seven Instruments, Op. 29. 9s., 6s., 3s. Box Office, Wel. 2141. Agents & Anglo-Austrian Music Soc., 139 Kensington High St., W.8. Wes. 9003.

CHELSEA Town Hall, King's Rd., S.W.3. Wed., June 4, 8 p.m. New Orpheus Chamber Orchestra. Conductor: Mervyn Vicars. Soloist: Larry Adler. Programme includes 1st perf. of new British Concerto composed for Larry Adler. Enquiries & tickets from Chappell's (MAY. 7600), also CHI. 7341.

R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., Haymarket. Thursday next, June 5, at 8. St. George String Quartet, Catherine Powell (flute), Peggy Gray (piano), 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s., at doors, Chappell's, agents. Director of Concerts: Nicholas Chavasse.

BANDIS Continental Dancing Club, Saturdays and Sundays, 8-11.30. 160a Westbourne Grove, W.2.

HAMPSTEAD Open Air Art Show. Opening Day Party, Sat., June 7 at Studio House, Rosslyn Hill, 9.15 p.m. Dancing, refreshments, etc. Exhibitors 2s., others 2s. 6d.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Turnstile Print, Raoul Dufy's "Le Champ de Blé," from Mrs Kessler's collection, now ready. 20in. × 26in. 45s. plus tax 2s. 5d. From all good print shops or from 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

ROYAL Society of British Artists. R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., S.W.1. Summer Exhibition. 10-5. Adm. 1s.

FRANCES Hodgkins, Gwen John, Ethel Walker: A Memorial Exhibition organised with the Arts Council. Tate Gallery. Open till June 15. 10-6, Suns. 2-6. Free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17/18 Old Bond Street, W.1. French Masters—New Acquisitions—Boudin, Braque, Fantin, Monet, etc. Daily 10-5. Sat. 10-12.30.

BRIGHTON. The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Dly. inc. Suns., 10-5.

RAVENNA Mosaics. Arts Council Exhibition of mosaic replicas. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington Street, W.1. Open till June 22. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues. & Thurs., 10-8; Sun., 2-6. Adm. 1s.

GALERIE Apollinaire, 2 Litchfield St., W.C.2, opp. St. Martin's Theatre. Paintings by James Stroudley—Figures in Sunshine and Shadow. May 24-June 14. 11 till 7.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. New Paintings by Lucian Freud. First Exhibition of Paintings by Martin Froy. Until June 14.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. From Boudin to Braque: Spring Exhibn.

BOOKS on International Relations at Book House, Ltd., 7 Whitehall, S.W.1. 10-5.30, Saturdays included, to June 7. Catalogue 6d. (free abroad).

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

THE Progressive Business Men's Forum. "Whither the British Empire?" Brains Trust. Mr. G. Beresford Craddock, M.P. (Conservative), Mrs. Eirene White, M.P. (Labour); Mr. D. N. Pritt, Q.C. Wed., June 11, 7.30 p.m., at new permanent meeting place, The Overseas League, St. James's, S.W.1. 5s., 3s. 6d. Hon. Sec. WEL. 0136.

POLISH Cultural Institute presents Documentaries and Shorts illustrating development of Polish Film Industry: speaker, Sid Cole. Hammer Theatre, Wardour St., Fridays, June 6, 7.45 p.m. All welcome.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

THE Italian Institute, 39 Belgrave Square, S.W.1. Wednesday, June 4, at 6 p.m., a lecture (in English), by Senatore Giuseppe Medici, Professor of Agricultural Economics in Turin University: "Land reform in Italy." Admission free.

SE. ASIA. Fabian conference with Dr. Victor Purcell, Dorothy Woodman & Woodrow Wyatt, M.P. Chairman: Rt. Hon. James Griffiths, M.P. June 7, from 2.30 p.m., at Caxton Hall, Westminster. Tickets 2s. 6d. (members 1s. 6d. in advance), from 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

"PSYCHICAL Research: Past & Present." Dr. R. H. Thouless, Reader in Educational Psychology at Cambridge, delivers the 11th Myers Memorial Lecture to the Society for Psychical Research at 8 p.m. on Wednesday, June 4, at the Caxton Hall, Caxton St., S.W.1. Open to the public. Adm. free.

"GERM Warfare in Korea." Eye-witness report. Speaker: Mr. Jack Gaster. Public meeting called by St. Pancras Peace Council. St. Pancras Town Hall, Wednesday, June 4 at 8 p.m. Entrance 6d.

W. J. STEIN in his Saturday lectures at Kingsway Hall, at 3 p.m., next week begins a new series on "Who is who in History from the point of view of Reincarnation."

S. AFRICA. Protest Meeting at Wholesale Violation of Civil Liberties, Mon., June 9, 7.30 p.m. Beaver Hall, near Mansion House Tube Stn. Organised by National Council for Civil Liberties.

PERSONALIST Group. Cyril Smith on "A defence of Metaphysics," Friday, June 6, at Conway Hall, at 7.30 p.m.

LE Club du Faubourg, 6a New Compton St. Tem. 3003. F. Calvet: "Quartier Latin." Lundi, June 9, 6 p.m. Non-members welcome.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre (68 Dukes Ave., Muswell Hill, N.10): Meditation & Gita at the Centre every Sunday 5.30 p.m. Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall, Thurs., June 5, 7.30 p.m. "Krishna as Teacher." All welcome.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures, Sundays, 8 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, London, W.2 (5 mins. from Paddington Stn. or Lancaster Gate Stn.). All welc. June 1: "The Dynamics of the Will."

H. J. BLACKHAM: "Christian Ethics." At the Ethical Church, 4A Inverness Place, W.2. Sun., June 1, at 11 a.m.

"WHITSUNDAY: The Secret of Happiness," N. Sri Ram, B.A. (India). Sun., June 1, 7 p.m. Theosophical Society, 50 Gloucester Place, W.1.

LUNCH Hour Talks, Caxton Hall, S.W. Tuesdays at 1.10. June 3: Teacher and Disciple. June 10: The Yogi's Training. June 17: Knowledge.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. June 7 at 6 p.m. M. Victor Azaria: "Le mime et l'acteur."

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

CREATIVE Learning and Teaching." Week-end Discussion led by Dr. C. Gattegno, June 6-9. Brairley Park, Ipsden, Oxon. Tel.: Checkendon 221.

STOKE House Crafts Centre, Nr. Bletchley. One-, two-, three- or four-week General or Specialised Courses during June, July and August.

NEWBATTLE Abbey College, Dalkeith, Midlothian. A Residential College for Adult Education. Warden: Edwin Muir, LL.D., Ph.D., D. ès L. Courses are offered in the following subjects: English Language and Literature, Human Relations, British and European History, Economic Theory and History, Trade Unionism, Philosophy, Political Theory, Psychology. Fees: £150 per session, £110 for two terms, £60 for one. Next session begins October 6. For further details and information regarding L.E.A. scholarships apply to the Warden.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, 10 Portman St., W.1. Tel.: Mayfair 4640-1805. All Foreign Languages taught in day and evening classes; or private lessons; beginners and all grades. English for Foreign Nationals. 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel.: Gerrard 8531-2. Intensive daily classes and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificates; short or long Courses; enrolment daily; Prospectus free.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (Lond., Oxf., Camb., Northn.); London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D., Degrees; Law Exams., etc. Low fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

MAYFAIR Secretarial College, 57 Duke St., Grosvenor Sq., W.1. Mayfair 6626, provides Most Comprehensive Training for high-grade secretarial posts. New Courses begin every Monday during May and June.

SECRETARIAL training. The North-Western Polytechnic, Prince of Wales Rd., London, N.W.5, offers intensive full-time courses of training for secretarial work. Next courses September, 1952-July, 1953. Call, write or 'phone GULliver 1154, ext. 11.

THE Edinburgh School of Natural Therapeutics is now enrolling new students for September, 1952. Prospectus from the Director of Studies, Kingston, Edinburgh, 9.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

CULTURAL holidays in the Tyrol. June, July, August, September. Combine a delightful Tyrolean Holiday at Koessen in the Inn Valley, with fascinating Study Courses in German Language and Literature; Austrian History, Art, Music, Folk-Lore, etc., under Faculty Members of University of Innsbruck. Inclusive charge (14 days, 22gns.; 21 days 26gns.) covers all travel accommodation, meals, guides, lectures. After paying for accommodation, meals, etc., spending money left out of your £25 currency allowance will be £16 for 14 days. Write for leaflet "1952 Summer Courses." Austria Travel Agency, Ltd., 90 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1.

ADMINISTRATIVE and Secretarial Training. Expert advice on careers. Individual care. Good posts found for all qualified students. Courses for Political, Hospital, Hotel and Library work; Journalism, Advertising, Languages and Foreign Shorthands and in Management. Special arrangements for graduates. Scholarships available. Resident and day students accepted. Social amenities. Apply to J. W. Loveridge, M.A. (Cantab.), St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Road, N.W.3. Ham. 5986.

TOUCH-typing. Private tuition. Bayswater 1786.

HANOVER School of Modern Languages. All languages. English for Foreigners. Intensive Courses. Day & Evng. Classes. Private Tuition. Preparation for Exams. Accom. arranged. 1 Hanover Sq., W.1. GRO. 7347.

TOUCH-TYPEWRITING. Learn in 12 private lessons. Peggy Sutton. FLA. 1493.

RELEASE from over-tension and over-fatigue through re-education of posture and movement. Many symptoms are based on faulty muscular habits. Enquiries to Secretary, The Isobel Cripps Centre, 18 Lansdowne Road, Holland Park, London, W.11. Tel. Park 7222.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of pianoforte-playing.—Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin, L.R.A.M. (Mrs. Whorwell.) BAY. 2816.

MAURICE Banquster, teacher of famous actors and singers, will accept several private pupils. 31 York St., W.1. WEL. 4266.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

FABIAN Summer Schools throughout August, 1952: 2/9: Hope, Derbyshire, 9/16: Beatrice Webb House, Dorking. 16/23: Kingsgate College, Broadstairs, 23/30: Frensham Heights, Farnham. Particulars from 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

CHURCH Union—School of Sociology at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, July 28 to August 1, 1952. Subject: America and Europe. "The Meeting of West and West." Fee: £4 15s. Further particulars from Miss H. Highley, 9 Talbot Rd., London, N.6.

HOLIDAY Course for Continental Students. The 6th Course will be held this summer from July 25 until September 19 and is open to young people of all nationalities over the age of 15. Extensive curriculum in English Language and Literature. Delightful country-house standing amongst pinewoods on the coast of a 2,000-acre estate, with direct access to half a mile of private beach. Excellent and plentiful food. All sports. Illus. prospectus from Secretary, Sizewell Hall, Suffolk.

LONDON University Extension Summer School, Wye College, Ashford, Kent. August 16-30, 1952. Courses: The Aims and Principles of the Social Services, English Humour and Satire, Problems of the Middle East and Africa, The Growth and Development of Canterbury, The Development of Painting in the 20th Century, Symphony and Concerto in the 20th Century, Horticultural Chemistry and Plant Physiology, Horticultural Botany and Plant Ecology, Physical Geography and Geomorphology, and Regional and Historical Geography. Inclusive weekly fee, £4 10s.; science courses, £4 15s. Prospectus from the Director, Extra-Mural Department, Senate House, London, W.C.1.

DENMARK. College Physical Education, Fredensborg. Vacation Courses for Men and Women. Aug., 1952. Fee £16 10s. inc. Gymnastics, Games, Dancing, Swimming. One Year Training Course for Men Teachers, British & Commonwealth. Write Principal.

OXFORD. Educational Holidays, English Foreign girls, long short periods July 1-Sept. 7. Languages, cookery, dressmaking, secretarial, many expeditions, tennis, riding, boating. Brochure: Principal, Stroud Court, Eynsham, Oxford.

DRAMA Schools. Christchurch Studio Theatre, Regents Pk., London. July 28-Aug. 8. Day £5 5s. Aug. 11-22, Evening £4 4s. Acting Technique, Speech, Mime, Movement, Make-up, Production. Dets, Mrs. M. Medd, Heathdene, Otford, Kent.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

DUPLICATING—12 hr. Service. All typing efficiently completed. Mod. fees. Court Secretarial Service, 37a Kensington High Street, W.8. WES. 0781-2.

TYPING and Duplicating by Experts. MSS., Plays, Testimonials, etc. Metropolitan Typewriting Office, 7 Stone Bldgs., Lincoln's Inn, London, W.C.2. CHA. 7839.

COMPETENT Typewriting Service. Lit. MSS., Commercial documents, etc. Impeccable work. Moderate fees. MAI. 2659.

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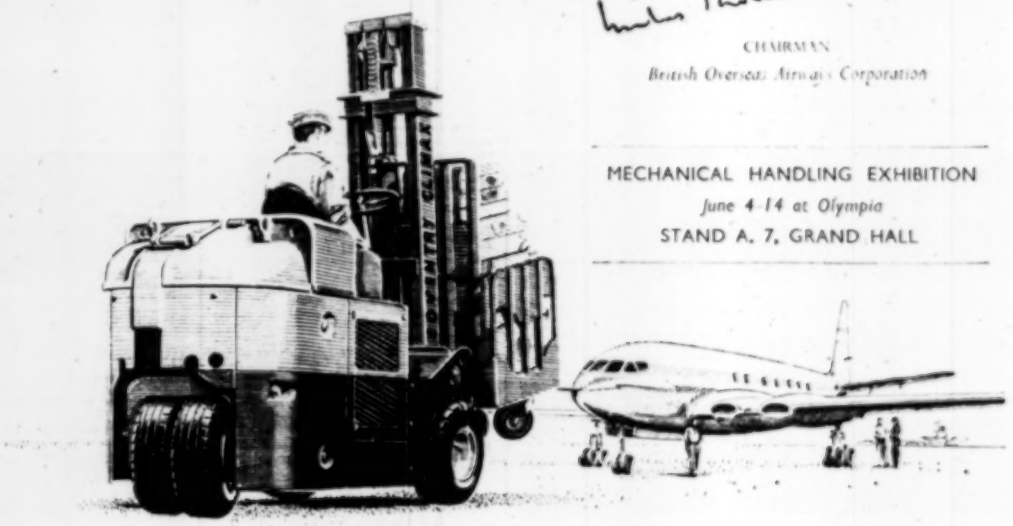

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